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Aulliam Holgate.

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THE SPANISH FRYAR

OR,

The Double Discovery.

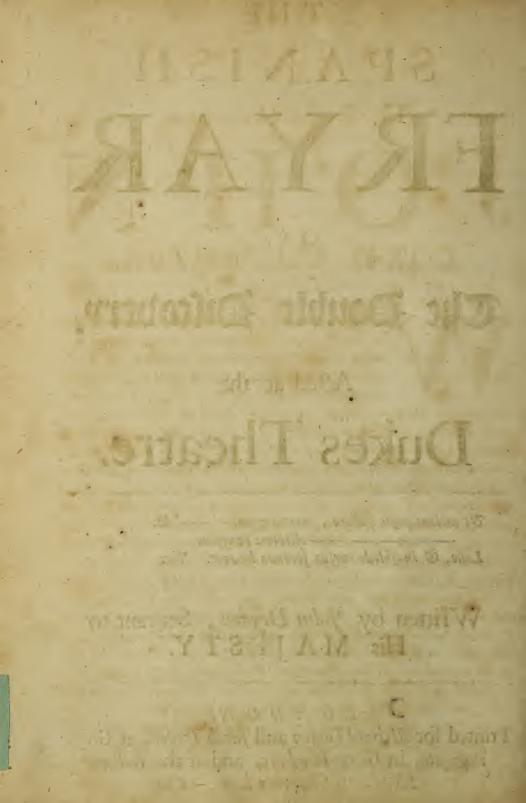
Acted at the

Dukes Theatre.

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.—____Ma. _____Alterna revisens Lusit, & in solido rursus fortuna locavit. Vir.

Written by John Dryden, Servant to His MAJESTY.

I O N D O N, Printed for Richard Tonson and Jacob Tonson, at Graysinn-gate, in Grays-inn-lane, and at the Judge's-Head, in Chancery-lane, 1681.



The Right Honourable

TO

LORD HAUGHTON.

MY LORD.

THEN I first design'd this Play I found or thought I found somewhat so moving in the serious part of it, and so pleasant in the Comick, as might deserve a more than ordinary Care in both : Accordingly I us'd the best of my endeavour,

in the management of two Plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Tallent of every Writer, to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other Playes of the Same nature, in my opinion, with the Same Judgment; though with like success. And though many Poets may suspect themselves for the fondness and partiality of Parents to their youngest Children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this Rule, because I know my self too well to be ever satisfied with my own Conceptions, which have feldom reach'd to those Idea's that I had within me : and consequently, I prefume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or leß pardonably, as an ordinary Markef-man may know certainly when he shoots les wide at what he aymes. Besides, the Care and Pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other Tragi-comedies may reasonably make the World conclude, that either I can doe nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amils. Few good Pictures have been finish'd at one stting; neither can a true just Play, which is to bear the Test of Ages, be produced at a heat, or by the force of fancie, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a Diffidence of my self, and lo great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing

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thing without a strict Examination; and am as much asham'd to put a loofe indigested Play upon the Publick, as I should be to offer braß money in a Payment : For though it shou'd be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage,) yet it will be found in the second telling: And a judicious Reader will discover in his Closset that trashy Stuffe, whose glittering deceived him in the action. I have often heard the Stationer fighing in his shop, and wishing for those hands to take off his melancholy bargain which clapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-houje every thing contributes to impose upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the best where there is the most need of it, surprize the Audience, and cast a mist upon their Understandings; not unlike the cunning of a Juggler, who is always staring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberish, onely that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his Trick. But these falle Beauties of the Stage are no more lasting than a Rainbow; when the Actor ceases to shine upon them, when he guilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was become of those glaring Colours which amaz'd me in Buffy Damboys upon the Theatre : but when I had taken up what I suppos'd, a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Jelly: nothing but a cold dull maß, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting: A dwarfish thought dress'd up in gigantick words, repetition in aboundance, loofeneß of expression, and gross Hyperboles; the Sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten: and , to fum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of falle Poetry and true Nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a Heap of Rubbish. A famous modern Poet us'd to facrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's Manes: and I have Indignation enough to burn a D'amboys annually to the memory of Johnson. But now, My Lord, I am Senfible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember some Verses of my own Maximin and Almanzor which cry, Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which I will heartily in the same fire with Statius and Chapman: All I can say for those passages, which are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I writ them : But I repent of them amongst my Sins : and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my prefent Writings, I draw a stroke over all those Dalilahs of the

the Theatre; and am resolv'd I will settle my self no reputation by the applause of fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition. but I (corn as much to take it from half-witted Judges, as I shou'd to raife an Estate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lefty style in Tragedy which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the same measures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded Statius to have written higher than Virgil: for,

Quæ superimposito moles geminata Colosso, carries a more thundring kind of found than,

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi : Tet Virgil had all the Majesty of a lawfull Prince; and Statius onely the blustring of a Tyrant. But when men affect a Vertue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the nearest resemblance to it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftines runs eafily into the swelling puffie style, because it locks like Greatneß. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought inimitable Spencer a mean Poet in comparison of Sylvester's Dubartas: and was rapt into an ecstasie when I read these lines:

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began

To Chryftallize the Baltick Ocean;

To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,

And periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods :--

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill forted, and without the least relation to each other : yet I dare not answer for an Audience, that they would not clap it on the Stage : so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but Madness can please Mad-men, and a Poet must be of a piece with the Spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room, contrivid for State, the height of the roof should bear a proportion to the Area; so, in the Heightnings of Poetry, the strength and vehemence of Figures should be fuited to the Occasion, the Subject, and the Persons. All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excrescence, and not a living part of Poetry. I had not faid thus much, if some young Gallants, who pretend to Criticism, had not told me that this Tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of flyle : but as a man who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, so perhaps I have vindicated my Play with

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with more partiality than I ought, or than such a trifle can deserve. Tet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at least from the grosness of those faults I mention'd: What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in reference to my Profit. and the satisfaction I had in seeing it represented with all the justness and gracefulness of Action. But as 'tis my Interest to please my Audience, so 'tis my Ambition to be read; that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler Design: for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the vehemence of Action: All things are there beheld, as in a hasty motion, where the objects onely glide before the Eye and disappear. The most discerning Critick can judge no more of these filent graces in the Action, than he who rides Post through an unknown Countrey can distinguish the scituation of places, and the nature of the soyle. The purity of phrase, the clearness of conception and expression, the boldness maintain'd to Majesty, the significancie and found of words, not strain'd into bombast, but justly elevated, in short, those very words and thoughts which cannot be chang'd but for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the Theatre : and yet without all these a Play may take. For if either the Story move us, or the Actor help the lameness of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of wit or passion strike through the obscurity of the Poem, any of these are sufficient to effect a present liking, but not to fix a lasting admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the furest Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touchstone will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a Play of this nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: But it will be clear to any judicious man, that with half the pains I could have rais'd a Play from either of them : for this time I (atisfied my own humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continuid melancholy Scenes : and I dare venture to prophesie, that few Tragedies except those in Verse shall succeed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a course of mirth. For the Feast is too dull and solemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will foon be try'd: for a several Genius is requir'd to either way; and without both of 'em, a man, in my opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it so trivial an undertaking, to make a Tragedy end bappily; for 'tis more difficult to fave than

than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poison are alwaies in a readiness; but to bring the Action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer; and cost him many a pang in the performance. And now, My Lord, I must confess that what I have written looks more like a Preface than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own Art which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the stale exploded Trick of fulsome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in Praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a subject; and onely tell you, that in recommending a Protestant Play to a Protestant Patron, as I doe my Self an Honour, fo I do your Noble Family a right, who have been alwaies eminent in the support and favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the promises of your South, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deceive me not, the Principles you have embrac'd are such as will no way degenerate from your Ancestors, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true English-men, and renew their lustre in your Person ; which, My Lord, is not more the wish than it is the constant expectaton of your Lordship's

Most obedient,

faithfull Servant,

John Dryden.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

OW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit; For he who pleases, never failes of Wit: Honour is yours:

And you, like Kings, at City Treats bestow it; The Writer kneels, and is bid rife a Poet: But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow, Tou dubb to day, and bang a man to morrow; Tou cry the same Sense up, and down again, Just like brass mony once a year in Spain : Take you ith' mood, what e'er base metal come. You coin as fast as Groats at Bromingam : Though'tis no more like Sense in ancient Plays, Than Rome's Religion like St. Peter's days. In (hort, so swift your Judgments turn and wind, Tou cast our fleetest Wits a mile behind. 'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range, But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change With such a Whirl, the Poets of your age Are tyr'd, and cannot score 'em on the Stage; Unless each Vice in short-hand they indite, Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons write. The heavy Hollanders no Vices know But what they us'd a hundred years ago, Like honest Plants, where they were stuck, they grow ;) They cheat, but still from cheating Sires they come; They drink, but they were christ ned first in Mum. Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards keep, And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep. The French and we still change, but here's the Curse, They change for better, and we change for worfe; They take up our old trade of Conquering, And we are taking theirs, to dance and fing: Our Fathers did for change to France repair, And they for change will try our English Air. As Children, when they throw one Toy away, Strait a more foolish Gugaw comes in play: So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking, Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.

Scowring

The Prologue.

VY HELDA

Drama-

Scowring the Watch grows out of fashion wit-Now we set up for Tilting in the Pit, Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-hearted, To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted. A fair Attempt has twice or thrice been made, To hire Night-murth'rers, and make Death a Trade. When Murther's out, what Vice can we advance? Onless the new found Pois'ning Trick of France: And when their Art of Rats-bane we have got, By way of thanks, we'll fend'em o'er our Plot.

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Maker

Dramatis Personæ.

Leonora, Queen of Arragon, Terefa, Woman to Leonora, Elvira, Wife to Gomez, Terrifmond, Bertran, Alpbonfo, Lorenzo, his Som, Raymond, Pedro, Gomez, Dominic, the Spanish Fryar,

Mrs. Barry. Mrs. Crofts. Mrs. Betterton. Mr. Betterton. Mr. Williams. Mr. Willfbeir. Mr. Smith. Mr. Gillow. Mr. Onderbill. Mr. Nokes. Mr. Lee.

THE

THE SPANISH FRYAR:

(1)

OR, THE

Double Discovery.

ACT I.

Alphonso, Pedro meet, with Souldiers on each side, Drums, &c.

Alph. Mand: give the Word.



Pedro, The Queen of Arragon. Alph. Pedro ? — how goes the night? Pedr. She wears apace. Alph. Then welcom day-light: We shall have warm work on't:

The *Moore* will 'gage His utmost Forces on this next Aslault, To win a Queen and Kingdom.

Pedro, Pox o' this Lyon-way of wooing though: Is the Queen flirring yet?

Alph. She has not been abed: but in her Chapel All night devoutly watch'd: and brib'd the Saints With Vows for her Deliverance. Pedro, O, Alphonso,

T fear

I fear they come too late! her Father's crimes Sit heavy on her; and weigh down her prayers: A Crown ufurp'd; a lawfull King depos'd; In bondage held; debarr'd the common light; His Children murther'd, and his Friends deftroy'd: What can we lefs expect then what we feel, And what we fear will follow?

Alph. Heav'n avert it !

Pedro, Then Heav'n must not be Heav'n: Judge the evenz By what has pass'd: Th' Usurper joy'd not long His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:... Unriddle that ye Pow'rs: But left his Daughter, Our present Queen, ingag'd, upon his death-bed, To marry with young Bertran, whose curs'd Father Had help'd to make him great. Hence, you well know, this fatal War arose; Because the Moore, Abdalla, with whose Troops Th' Usurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd; And, as an Infidel, his Love despis'd.

Alph. Well; we are Souldiers, Pedro: and, like Lawyers, Plead for our Pay.

Pedro, A good Caufe wou'd doe well though: It gives my Sword an Edge: You fee this Bertran Has now three times been beaten by the Moores: What hope we have, is in young Torrifmond, Your brother's Son.

Alph. He's a fuccefsfull Warriour, And has the Souldiers hearts: Upon the skirts Of Arragon, our squander'd Troops he rallies: Our Watchmen, from the Tow'rs, with longing Eyes-Expect his swift Arrival.

Pedro, It must be swift, or it will come too late. Alph. No more: _____Duke Bertran.

[Enter Bertran, attended. Bertr. Relieve the Cent'rys that have watch'd all night. To Ped. Now, Collonel, have you difpos'd your men, That you fland idle here?

Pedro, Mine are drawn off, To take a fhort repofe. Bertr. Short let it be::

1

For

The Double Discovery.

For, from the *Moorifk* Camp, this hour and more, There has been heard a diftant humming noife, Like Bees difturb'd, and arming in their hives. What Courage in our Souldiers? Speak! What hope?

Pedro, As much as when Phyficians fhake their heads, And bid their dying Patient think of Heav'n. Our Walls are thinly mann'd: our beft Men flain : The reft, an heartlefs number, fpent with Watching, And harafs'd out with Duty.

Bertran, Good-night all then.

Pedro, Nay, for my part, 'tis but a fingle life I have to lofe: I'll plant my Colours down In the mid-breach, and by 'em fix my foot: Say a fhort Souldier's Pray'r, to fpare the trouble Of my few Friends above: and then expect The next fair Bullet.

Alph. Never was known a night of fuch diffraction: Noife fo confus'd and dreadfull: Juftling Crowds, That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding, Like Meteors, by each other in the ftreets.

Pedro, I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar; With a Paunch fwoln fo high, his double Chin Might reft upon't: A true Son of the Church; Freih colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade, Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate Quire, And fumbling o'er his Beads, in fuch an Agony, He told 'em falfe for fear: About his Neck There hung a Wench; the Labell of his Function; Whom he thook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly. It feems the holy Stallion durft not fcore Another Sin before he left the world.

. [Enter a Captain.

One

Capt. To Arms, My Lord, to Arms. From the Moors Camp the noife grows louder fiill: Rattling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums, and Ataballes; And fometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns, Like Victory: Then Groans again, and Howlings, Like those of vanquish'd men: But every Echo Goes fainter off; and dyes in distant Sounds. Bertran, Some false Attaque: expect on t'other fide:

One to the Gunners on St. Jago's Tow'r; Bid 'em, for shame, Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul, They 're all corrupted with the Gold of Barbary To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.

[Enter Second Captain. 2. Capt. My Lord, here's fresh Intelligence arriv'd: Our Army, led by Valiant Torrismond, Is now in hot Engagement with the Moors; 'Tis faid, within their Trenches.

Bertr. I think all Fortune is referv'd for him. He might have fent us word though; And then we cou'd have favour'd his Attempt With Sallies from the Town.

Alph. It cou'd not be: We were fo clofe block'd up that none cou'd peepe Upon the Walls and live: But yet 'tis time :-----

Bertr. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it : On pain of Death, let no man dare to fally.

Pedr. (afide) Oh Envy, Envy, how it works within him! How now! What means this Show?

Alph. 'Tis a Procession :

The Queen is going to the great Cathedral To pray for our Success against the *Moores*.

Pedra, Very good : She ufurps the Throne; keeps the old King in Prifon; and, at the fame time, is praying for a Bleffing : Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together !

S Proceffion of Priests and Choristers in white, with Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes over the Stage: the Choristers singing.

T.be

Look down, ye blefs'd above, look down, Behold our weeping Matron's Tears, Behold our tender Virgins Fears, And with fuccefs our Armies crown.

Look down, ye blefs'd above, look down: Oh! fave us, fave us, and our State reflore; For Pitty, Pitty, Pitty, we implore; For Pitty, Pitty, Pitty, we implore. The Double Difcovery.

The Procession goes off; and shout within.

Then enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Al-phonfo:

Bertr. to Alph. A joyfull Cry: and fee your Son Lorenzo: Good news kind Heav'n !

Alph. to Lorenzo, O, welcome, welcome! Is the General fafe? How near our Army ? When shall we be fuccour'd? Or, Are we fuccour'd? Are the Moores remov'd? Anfwer these Questions first; and then, a Thousand more: Anfwer 'em all together.

Lorenzo, Yes, when I have a thousand Tongues, I will: The General's well: His Army too is fafe As Victory can make 'em : The Moores King Is fafe enough, I warrant him, for one. At dawn of day our General cleft his Pate, Spight of his woollen Night-cap: A flight wound : Perhaps he may recover.

Alphonso, Thou reviv'st me.

Pedro, By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Procession was made for it; and yet it will go hard, but the Priests will make a Miracle on't.

Lorenzo, Yes, Faith; we came like bold intruding Guefts; And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome: Their Scouts we kill'd; then found their Body fleeping. And as they lay confus'd, we ftumbl'd o'er 'em; And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or Leggs; Somewhat undecently : But when men want light They make but bungling work.

Bertr. I'll to the Queen, And bear the News in the loss in a start der

Pedro, That's young Lorenzo's duty.

Bertr. I'll spare his trouble.

This Torrismond begins to grow too fast ; Let Lie come. He must be mine, or ruin'd. Afide.

Lorenzo, Pedro, a word : --- (whisper.) [Exit Bertran. Alph. How fwift he shot away ! I find it stung him, In fpight of his diffembling.

To Lorenzo, How many of the Enemy are flain?

Lorenzo.

Lorenzo, Troth, Sir, we were in haft; and cou'd not flay To fcore the men we kill'd: But there they lye. Beft fend our Women out to take the tale; There's Circumcifion in abundance for 'em.

[Turns to Pedro again.

Alph. How far did you purfue 'em? Lorenzo, Some few miles.

To Pedro, Good ftore of Harlots, fay you, and dog-cheap? Pedro, They must be had; and speedily: I've kept a tedious Fast. (Whisper again.)

Alph. When will he make his Entry? He deferves Such Triumphs as were giv'n by Ancient Rome: Ha, Boy, What faieft thou?

Lorenzo, As you fay, Sir, That Rome was very ancient To Pedro, I leave the choice to you; Fair, Black, Tall, Low: Let her but have a Nofe: ______ and you may tell her I'm rich in Jewels, Rings, and bobbing Pearls

Pluck'd from Moores ears.

Alph. Lorenzo?

Lorenzo, Somewhat busie

About Affairs relating to the publick .------

A feafonable Girl, just in the nick now: [to Pedro. [Trumpets within. Pedro, I hear the General's Trumpets : Stand, and mark

How he will be received; I fear, but coldly:

There hung a Cloud, methought, on Bertran's brow. Lorenzo, Then look to fee a Storm on Terrismond's: Looks fright not men : The General has feen Moores, With as bad Faces; no difpraise to Bertran's.

Pedro, 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp, he loves the Queen. Lorenzo, He drinks her Health devoutly. Alph. That may breed bad bloud 'twixt him and Bertran.

Pedro', Yes, in private: But Bertran has been taught the Arts of Court, To guild a Face with Smiles; and leer a man to ruin. O here they come.

Just as I prophefy'd.

Loren-

The Double Discovery.

Lorenzo, Death and Hell, he laughs at him :---in's Facetoo. Pedro, O, you miftake him: 'Twas an humble Grin; The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.

Lorenzo, (Afide) Here are nothing but Lyes to be expected: I'll e'en go lofe my felf in fome blind Alley; and try if any courteous Damfel will think me worth the finding. [Exit Lorenzo. Alph. Now he begins to open.

Bertran, Your Country refcu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!: A glorious Conqueft; Noble Torrismond! The People rend the Skyes with loud Applause; And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours. The thronging Crowds press on you as you pass; And, with their eager Joy, make Triumph flow.

Torr. My Lord, I have no tafte. Of popular Applaufe; the noifie Praife Of giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds; Still vehement, and ftill without a caufe: Servants to Chance; and blowing in the tyde Of fwoln Succefs; but, veering with its ebbe, It leaves the channel dry.

Bertran, So young a Stoick!

Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll fell one drop Within these Veins for Pageants: But let Honour Call for my Bloud; and fluce it into ftreams; Turn Fortune loose again to my pursuit; And let me hunt her through embattell'd Foes, In dusty Plains, amidst the Cannons roar, There will I be the first.

Bert. I'll try him farther—(afide.) Suppose th' assembled States of Arragon. Decree a Statue to you thus inferib'd, To Torrismond, who freed his native Land.

Alph. to Pedro, Mark how he founds and fathoms him, to find the thallows of his Soul!

Bertr. The just Applause Of God like Senates, is the Stamp of Vertue, Which makes it pass unquestion'd through the World: These Honours you deferve ; nor shall my suffrage Be last to fix 'em on you': If refus'd, You brand us all with black Ingratitude ;

For times to come shall fay, Our Spain, like Rome, Neglects her Champions, after Noble Acts, And lets their Laurels wither on their heads.

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Torrismond, A Statue, for a Battel blindly fought, Where Darkness and Surprise made Conquest cheap ! Where Virtue borow'd but the Arms of Chance, And struck a random blow ! 'Twas Fortune's work; And Fortune take the praise.

Bertr. Yet Happinels Is the first Fame: Vertue without Success Is a fair Picture shown by an ill light: But lucky men are Favorites of Heaven: And whom should Kings esteem above Heaven's Darlings? The Praises of a young and beauteous Queen Shall crown your glorious Acts.

Pedro to Alphonfo, There fprung the Mine. Torr. The Queen ! That were a happiness too great ! Nam'd you the Queen, My Lord ?

Bertr. Yes: You have feen her, and you must confess A Praife, a Smile, a Look from her is worth The shouts of thousand Amphitheaters: She, she shall praife you; for I can oblige her: To morrow will deliver all her Charms Into my Arms; and make her mine for ever. Why stand you mute?

Torr. Alas! I cannot fpeak. Bertr.Not fpeak, My Lord! How were your thoughts employ'd? Torr. Nor can I think; or I am loft in thought. Bertr. Thought of the Queen, perhaps? Torr. Why, if it were,

Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climbe. Bertr. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:

You ought not think of her.

Torr. So I fay too;

I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad: But who can help his frenzy?

Bertr. Fond young Man! The Wings of your Ambition must be clipt: Your shamefac'd Vertue shunn'd the Peoples Praise, And Senates Honours: But 'tis well we know

The Double Difcovery.

What price you hold your felf at: you have fought With fome Success, and that has feal'd your Pardon.

Torr. Pardon from thee! O, give me patience Heav'n! Thrice vanquish'd Bertran; if thou darst, look out-Upon yon flaughter'd Hoft, that Field of bloud: There feal my Pardon, where thy Fame was loft.

Ped. He's ruin'd, past redemption! Alph. to Torr. Learn respect

To the first Prince o'th' bloud. Bert. O, let him rave! I'll not contend with Madmen.

Torr. I have done: I know 'twas Madness to declare this Truth: And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love. P- 14 - 15 - 3 Tistrue, my hopes are vanishing as clouds; Lighter then childrens bubbles blown by winds: My merit's but the rafh refults of chance : same , or bas My birth unequal: all the ftars against me: Pow'r, promise, choice; the living and the dead : Mankind my foes; and onely love to friend : But fuch a love; kept at fuch awfull distance. As, what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival Shall fear to whifper there: Queens may be lov'd, And fo may Gods; elfe, why are Altars rais'd? Why fhines the Sun; but that he may be view'd? But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze, Tis but to weep; and close our eyes in darkness.

[Exit Torrifmond. Bert. 'Tis well: the Goddess shall be told, she shall, Of her new Worshipper. [Exit Bertran.] He has fupply'd his onely foe with arms For his destruction. Old *Penelope*'s tale Inverted: h'has unravell'd all by day That-he has done by night. ----What, Planet-ftruck ! Malphi I with I were; to be past sense of this!

Ped. Wou'd I had but a Leafe of life fo long and the second As till my Flesh and Bloud rebell'd this way Against our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen? With a Globe in one hand, and a Sceptre in t'other?

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A very

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A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his Madnefs to his Rival! His Father abfent on an Embaffy: Himfelf a Stranger almost; wholly friendlefs! A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice, Is eafier to be ftopt, then is his Ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitles to complain: haste to the Court: Improve your interest there, for Pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak remedies ; But all muft be attempted.

Exit Alphonfo.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have sprung no Game. Our Women are worse Infidels then the *Moores*: I told 'em I was one of their Knight-errants, that deliver'd them from ravishment: and I think in my conficience that's their Quarrel to me.

Pedro, Is this a time for fooling? Your Coufin is run honourably mad in love with her Majefty: He is fplit upon a Rock; and you, who are in chafe of Harlots, are finking in the main Ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family. [Exit Pedro.

FLorenzo folus.

-Alide-

Lor. My Coufin ruin'd, faies he! hum! not that I with my Kinfman's ruin; that were Unchriftian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Heir; there's comfort for a Chriftian. Money I have, I thank the honeft *Moores* for't; but I want a Miftrefs. I am willing to be leud; but the Tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira veil'd.

Elvira, Stranger! Cavalier—will you not hear me? you Moore-killer, you Matador.

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elvira, Face about, Man; you a Souldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charg'd first : I fee Souls will not be lost for want of diligence in this Devil's reign :

To her. Now; Madam Cynthia behind a cloud; your will and pleafure with me?

Elvira, You have the appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deferving as you feem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold difcourfe with

you

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you at first fight; you are Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an Apology : and to lay the blame on Stars, or Destiny; or what you please, to excuse the Frailty of a Woman.

Lorenzo, O, I love an easie Woman: there's such a doe to crack a thick shell'd Mistrefs: we break our Teeth; and find no Kernel. "Tis generous in you, to take pity on a Stranger; and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elvira, You may have a better opinion of me then I deferve; you have not feen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lorenzo, Not abfolutely flain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me: Let me see you, for the faleguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon should be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elvira, What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel? to fhew that you are inclining to the Wars: I could anfwer you with another in my Profession: Suppose you were in want of Money; wou'd you not be glad to take a Sum upon content in a feal'd bagg, without peeping?—but however; I will not fland with you for a fample. [Lifts up her Veil.

Lorenzo, What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you doe well to keep 'em veil'd : they are too fharp to be trufted out o'th' Scabbard.

Elvira, Perhaps now you may accufe my forwardnefs; but this day of Jubilee is the onely time of freedom I have had: and there is nothing fo extravagant as a Prifoner, when he gets loofe a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

Lorenzo, To confefs freely to you, Madam, I was never in love with lefs then your whole Sex before: but now I have feen you, I am in the direct road of languifhing and fighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to morrow morning you may hear of me in Rhyme and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these Symptoms in my felf: perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I shall drudge and moil at Constancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elvira, Oh, Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildest Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and

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feed

feed 'em feldom: now I know your temper, you may thank your felf if you are kept to hard meat: ——you are in for years if you make love to me.

Lorenzo, I hate a formal obligation with an Anno Domini at end on't; there may be an evil meaning in the word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elvira, I can eafily rid you of that Fear : I with I could rid my felf as eafily of the bondage.

Lorenzo, Then you are married?

Elvira, If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old man be a husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpose as I could wish: now love be prais'd. [Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elvira, (Afide.) If I get not home before my Husband, I fhall be ruin'd.

I dare not ftay to tell you where ______farwell ______cou'd I once more ______ [*Exit* Elvira.

Lorenzo, This is unconcionable dealing; to be made a Slave, and not know whofe livery I wear: — Who have we yonder? (Enter Gomez,) By that thambling in his walk, it fhould be my rich old Banquer, Gomez, whom I knew at Barcelona: As I live 'tis he____

To Gomez, What, Old Mammon here ?

Gom. How! Young Beelzebub !-

Lorenzo, What Devil has fet his Claws in thy Hanches, and brought thee hither to Saragoffa? Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Gom. I alwaies remove before the Enemy: When the Moores are ready to befiege one Town, I shift quarters to the next: I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at fartheft.

Gom. Well, You have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it: there are Bonfires decreed: and the times had not been hard, my Billet flould have burnt too.

Lor. I dare fay for thee, thou haft fuch a refpect for a fingle Billet, thou would'ft almost have thrown on thy felf to fave it : thou art for faving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, You'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own charges.

Lor.

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Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy felf for fuch an extravagance: and, inftead of it, thou fhalt doe me a meer verbal courtefie: I have just now feen a most incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you fee this most incomparable young Lady ? my mind mifgives me plaguily. (Afide.)

Lor. Here, man; just before this Corner-house: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-houfe.

Gom. (Afide.) Pray heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What doft thou mutter to thy fell? Haft thou any thing to fay against the Honesty of that house?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honeft Stone, and the Timber very honeft Wood, for ought I know. But for the Woman; I cannot fay, till I know her better: defcribe her perfon ; and, if the live in this quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, dark colour'd Hair, the most bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the most roguish Cast; her Cheeks are dimpled when the finiles; and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. (Afide.) I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.----Go on —— Colonel —— have you no other Marks of her?

Lor. Thou haft all her Marks; but that the has an Husband; a jealous, covetous, old Huncks: speak; canst thou tell me News of her?

Gom. Yes; this News, Colonel; that you have feen your last of her.

Lor. If thou helpft me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcifed Few.

Gom. Circumcife me no more then I circumcife you, Colonel Hernando: once more you have seen your last of her.

Lor. (Afide.) I am glad he knows me onely by that Name of Hernando, by which I went at Barcelona: now he can tell no . tales of me to my Father.

To him. Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou couldst get by't: -Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour: -thou art not Proof against Gold, fure! ---- do not I know thee for a covetous,-

Gomez, Jealous, old Huncks: those were the Marks of your Mistresse's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh, the Devil! What a Rogue in understanding was I, not to find him out fooner! (Afide.) C 3.

Gom

Gom. Do,do, Look fillily, good Colonel: 'tis a decent Melancholy after an abfolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez; -----but,

Gom. But-no Pumping, My dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang Pumping; I was thinking a little upon a point of Gratitude: we two have been long Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make fome Intereft: go to; thou wert born to Authority: I'll make thee *Alcaide* Mayor of *Sarragoffa*.

Gom. Satisfie your felf; you shall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the Face of a Magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magistrate's Head to my Magistrate's Face; I thank you Colonel.

Lor. Come; thou art fo fufpicious upon an idle Story—— that Woman I faw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly Woman; for t'other was a Lye; ——is no more thy Wife: ——As I'll go home with thee, and fatisfie thee immediately, My dear Friend.

Gom. I fhall not put you to that trouble: no not fo much as a fingle Vifit: not fo much as an Embaffy by a civil, old Woman: nor a Serenade of *Twinckledum*, *Twinckledum*, under my windows: Nay, I will advife you out of my tendernefs to your Perfon, that you walk not near yon Corner-houfe by night; for to my certain knowledg, there are Blunderbuffes planted in every loophole, that go off conftantly of their own accord, at the fqueaking of a Fiddle, and the thrumming of a Ghittar.

Lor. Art thou fo obstinate? Then I denounce open War against thee: I'll demolish thy Citadel by force: or, at least, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee: my thousand Red Locusts that shall devour thee in Free-quarter. ——Farwell wrought Night-cap.

[Exit Lorenzo.

Gom. Farwell Buff! Free quarter for a Regiment of Red coat Locufts? I hope to fee 'em all in the Red-fea firft! ——But oh, this Jezabel of mine! I'll get a Phyfician that fhall prefcribe her an ounce of Campbire every morning for her Breakfaft, to abate Incontinency: fhe fhall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Confession; and for never going, fhe fhall be condemn'd for a Heretick: fhe fhall have Stripes by Troy weight; and Suftenance by drachurs and fcruples: Nay, I'll have a Fafting

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fling Almanack printed on purpose for her use; in which, No Carnival nor Christmass shall appear; But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the year.

[Exit Gomez.

ACT II.

SCENE, The Queen's Anti-chamber.

Alphonso, Pedro. Alph. W Hen faw you my Lorenzo? Ped. I had a glimpse of him; but he shot by me Like a young Hound upon a burning scent: He's gon a Harlot-hunting.

Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught him better. Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.

What learn our Youth abroad ; but to refine The homely Vices of their native Land ? Give me an honeft homefpun countrey Clown Of our own growth; his dulnefs is but plain; But their's embroider'd : they are fent out Fools, And come back Fopps.

Alph. You know what reafons urg'd me; But now I have accomplified my Defigns, I fhou'd be glad he knew'em: ——his wild Riots Difturb my Soul; but they wou'd fit more clofe, Did not the threatn'd down-fall of our houfe, In Torrifmond, o'erwhelm my private Ills.

> SEnter Bertran attended; and whispering with a Courtier, aside.

Bertr. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her; If he prefume to own it, fhe's fo proud He tempts his certain ruin.

Alphi to Ped. Mark how difdainfully he throws his Eyes on us. Our old imprifon'd King wore no fuch Looks.

Ped. O, wou'd the General shake off his Dotage to th' usurping. Queen,

And

And re-inthrone Good, Venerable Sancho, I'll undertake, fhou'd Bertran found his Trumpets, And Torrifmond but whiltle through his Fingers, He draws his Army off.

Alph. I told him fo: But had an Anfwer louder then a Storm.

Ped. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-loyalty! I hate to fee a brave bold Fellow fotted, Made four and fenflefs; turn'd to Whey by Love : A driveling Hero; fit for a Romance. O, here he comes; what will their greeting be!

> SEnter Torrismond attended. Bertran and he meet and justle.

. Bertr. Make way, My Lords, and let the Pageant pafs.

Torr. I make my way where e'er I fee my Foe : But you, My Lord, are good at a Retreat : I have no *Moores* behind me.

Bertr. Death and Hell!

Dare to 'fpeak thus when you come out again? *Torr.* Dare to provoke me thus, infulting man?

Enter Teresa.

Torr.

Ter. My Lords, You are too loud fo near the Queen: You, Torrifmond, have much offended her: 'Tis her Command you inftantly appear, To anfwer your demeanour to the Prince.

SExit Terefa; Bertran with his com-2 pany follow her. Torr. O Pedro, O Alphonso, pity me!

A Grove of Pikes Whofe polifh'd Steel from far feverely fhines, Are not fo dreadfull as this beauteous Queen.

Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your aid : And, like a Lion prefs'd upon the Toyles, Leap on your Hunters : Speak your Actions boldly; There is a time when modeft Vertue is Allow'd to praife it felf.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough; too hot, but now; Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Fome: But fince this Meffage came, you fink and fettle; As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

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Torr. Alas, thou know'ft not what it is to love ! When we behold an Angel, not to fear, Is to be impudent :----- no I'm refolv'd, Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll goe; And, dying, blefs the hand that gave the blow.

[Exeunt.

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The SCENE draws; and shews the Queen sitting in state, Bertran standing next her: then Teresa, Sc.

She rifes, and comes to the Front.

Qu. Leonora to Bert. I blame not you, My Lord, my Father's will, Your own Deferts, and all my People's Voice, Have plac'd you in the view of Sovereign Pow'r. But I wou'd learn the caufe, why Torrismond, Within my Palace Walls, within my Hearing, Almost within my Sight, affronts a Prince Who shortly shall command him.

Bertr. He thinks you owe him more then you can pay; And looks, as he were Lord of humane kind.

Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. Torrismond bows low: then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at distance.

Terefa, Madam, The General. Qu. Let me view him well. My Father fent him early to the Frontiers; I have not often feen him; if I did, He pafs'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes. But where's the Fiercenefs, the Difdainful Pride; The Haughty Port, the Fiery Arrogance? By all these Marks, this is not fure the man. Bertr. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult, Whofe Fierce Demeanour, and whofe Infolence

The Patience of a God cou'd not support.

Q_n. Name his Offence, My Lord, and he shall have Immediate punishment.

Bertr. 'Tis of fo high a nature, fhou'd I fpeak it, That my Prefumption then wou'd equal his.

Qu. Some one among you fpeak. Ped. (Afide.) Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All

D

Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, Torrismond, By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Torr. (kneeling.) O feek not to convince me of a Crime Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon. Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think, That he, who thus commanded dares to fpeak, Unlefs commanded, wou'd have dy'd in filence. But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my hopes! Hopes I have none; for I am all Defpair: Friends I have none; for Friendship follows Fayour. Defert I've none; for what I did, was Duty: Oh, that it were ! that it were Duty all!

Qu. Why do you paufe? proceed.

Torr. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice, Who fees before his Eyes the Depth below, Stops fhort, and looks about, for fome kind Shrub. To break his dreadfull Fall_____fo I ;_____ But whither am I going? if to Death, He looks fo lovely fweet in Beauties Pomp, He draws me to his Dart.____I dare no more.

Bertr. He's mad beyond the Cure of Hellebore. Whips, Darknefs, Dungeons, for this Infolence.

Torr. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.--

Qu. You're both too bold. You, Torrismond, withdraw :-I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen. For you, My Lord,----

The Prieft to morrow was to join our hands; I'll try if I can live a day without you. So, both of you depart; and live in Peace.

Alph. Who knows which way fhe points ! Doubling and turning, like an hunted Hare. Find out the Meaning of her mind who can.

Pedr. Who ever found a Woman's! backward and forward, The whole Sex in every word. In my Confeience when the was getting; her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.

[Exeunt all, but the Queen and Terefa. Queen, Haft, my Terefa, haft; and call him back. Ierefa, Whom, Madam? (Queen,) Him. (Ter.) Prince Bertran? (Qu.) Torrifmond. There is no other He:

Ter. (Afide.)

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Qu,

Ter. (Afide.) A rifing Sun; Or I am much deceiv'd.

Or I am much deceiv'd. [Exit Terefa. Queen, A change fo fwift, what heart did ever feel! It rufh'd upon me, like a mighty Stream, And bore me in a moment far from Shore. I've lov'd away my felf: in one fhort hour Already am I gon an Age of Paffion. Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Succefs? Thefe might perhaps be found in other men. 'Twas that refpect; that awfull homage pay'd me; That fearfull Love which trembled in his Eyes; And, with a filent Earthquake, fhook his Soul. But, when he fpoke, what tender words he faid! So foftly, that, like flakes of feather'd Snow, They melted as they fell.

Enter Terefa, with Torrifmond.

Ter. He waits your pleafure. Qu. 'Tis well; retire——Oh Heaven's, that I must speak So diftant from my heart—-(afide.)

To Torr. How now! What Boldness brings you back again? Torr. I heard 'twas your Command.

Qu. A fond mistake,

To credit fo unlikely a Command. And you return full of the fame Prefumption T'affront me with your Love?

Torr. If 'tis Prefumption for a Wretch condemn'd To throw himfelf beneath his Judge's feet : A Boldnefs, more then this, I never knew ; Or, if I did, 'twas onely to your Foes.

Qu. You wou'd infinuate your paft Services; And those, I grant, were great : but you confess A Fault committed fince, that cancels all.

Torr. And who cou'd dare to difavow his Crime, When that, for which he is accus'd and feiz'd, He bears about him ftill! my Eyes confefs it. My every action fpeaks my heart aloud. But, oh, the Madnefs of my high attempt Speaks louder yet ! and all together cry, I love and I defpair.

Qu. Have you not heard, My Father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd My Crown and me to Bertran? And dare you, A private man, prefume to love a Queen? Torr. That, that's the Wound! I fee you fet fo high. As no Defert, or Services, can reach.

Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul, And crufted it with bafe Plebeian Clay! Why gave you me Defires of fuch extent, And fuch a Span to grafp 'em? Sure my lot By fome o'er hafty Angel was mifplac'd In Fate's Eternal Volume!—But I rave, And, like a giddy Bird, in dead of night, Fly round the Fire that fcorches me to death.

Qu. Yet, Torrifmond, you've not fo ill deferv'd, But I may give you Counfel for your Cure.

Torr. I cannot, nay, I with not to be cur'd. Qu. (afide.) Nor I, Heav'n knows!

Tarr. There is a Pleafure fure In being Mad, which none but Madmen know ! Let me indulge it : let me gaze for ever ! And, fince you are too great to be belov'd, Be greater, greater yet; and be ador'd.

Qu. Thefe are the words which I must onely hear From Bertran's mouth; they shou'd displease from you; I fay they shou'd: but women are so vain, To like the Love, though they despise the Lover. Yet, that I may not fend you from my sight In absolute despir—I pity you.

Torr. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough! Death, take me in this moment of my Joy; But when my Soul is plung'd in long oblivion, Spare this one Thought: let me remember Pity; And fo deceiv'd, think all my life was ble's'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my Alms? If that wou'd help, I cou'd caft in a Tear To your Misfortunes.

Torr. A Tear! You have o'erbid all my paft Sufferings, And all my future too!

Or

Qu. Were I no Queen -----

Or you of Royal Bloud ——

Torr. What have I loft by my Fore-father's fault ? Why was not I the Twenty'th by defcent From a long reftive race of droning Kings ? Love! What a poor omnipotence haft thou When Gold and Titles buy thee ?

Qu. (fighs.) Oh, my torture! Torr. Might I prefume, but, oh, I dare not hope That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess; and not forbid you To make the best construction for your love. Be fecret and diferent; these Fayery favours Are lost when not conceal'd; ______provoke not Bertran._____ Retire: I must no more but this,-Hope, Torrismond.-[Exit Queen.]

Torr. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; fhe pities me! And pity ftill foreruns approching love; As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps Ye Angels to that found; and thou, my Heart, Make room to entertain thy flowing Joy. Hence all my Griefs, and every anxious Care: One word, and one kind Glance, can cure defpair.

[Exit Torrismond?

Lor

2 I

SCENE, A Chamber. A Table and Wine fet out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more then barely poffible: for Fryars have free admittance into every houfe. This *Jacobin*, whom I have fent to, is her Confeffor; and who can fufpect a man of fuch Reverence for a Pimp? I'll try for once : I'll bribe him high: for commonly none love Money better then they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge fat religious Gentleman coming up, Sir, he faies he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as rofie as a Turkey-Cock; his great Belly walks in ftate; before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limping after it : Never was fuch a Tun of Devotion feen. Lor. Bring him in, and vanish.

[Exit Servant.

Enter Father Dominic.

Lor. Welcome, Father.

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Dom. Peace be here : I thought I had been fent for to a dying man; to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking fuch long journeys. Repofe your felf, I befeech you, Sir, if those spindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with Fasting.

Dom. The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll doe you reafon. Lor. Is it to your Palate, Father ? [Drinks.]

Dom. Second thoughts, they fay, are beft: I'll confider of it once again. [Drinks.

It has a most delicious Flavour with it.

Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, Son, I am not us'd to be fo unmannerly. [Drinks again.

Lor. No, I'll be fworn by what I fee of you, you are not:— To the bottom.—I warrant him a true Church-man.—Now, Father, to our bufinefs, 'tis agreeable to your Calling; I intend to doe an act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable fubject. Lor. Being in the late Battle, in great hazard of my Life, I recommended my perfon to good St. Dominic.

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a fure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to ftrike up a bargain with him, that if I fcap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd prefent fome Brother of his Order with part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable ufes.

Dom. There you hit him : St. Dominic loves Charity exceedingly : that Argument never fails with him.

Dom. How, Fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Confeience.

Lor. Here; take 'em Father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

Lor. If you are modeft, I must force you: for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you fet your flrength against a decrepit, poor, old man?

[*Takes the Purfe.* As I faid, 'tis too great a Bounty ; but St. *Dominic* fhall owe you another Scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you pleafe, Father, we will not trouble him till the next Battle. But you may doe me a greater kindnefs, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I alwaies lov'd the Female Saints.

Dom. Who, Donna Elvira? Lthink I have fome reafon: I am her Ghoftly Father.

Lor. I have fome business of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper; but her Husband is so horribly given to be jealous.

Dom. Ho, jealous ? he's the very Quintessence of Jealous ? he's the's ? he's ? he's

Lor. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in a fpiritual Affairs. But he has his humours with me too: for t'other day, he call'd me Falle Apostle.

Lor. Did he fo? that reflects upon you all: on my word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious Action, you might revenge the Churche's Quarrrel.—My Letter, Father——

Dom. Well, fo far as a Letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuse to a man fo charitably given ?

Lor. If you bring an Anfwer back, that Purfe in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look : there are Fifty Pieces lye dormant in it, for more Charities.

Dom

Dom. That must not be: not a Farthing more upon my Priesthood.—— But what may be the purport and meaning of this Letter; that I confess a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the Contents; and fo far I am blamelefs. But an Anfwer you shall have: though not for the fake of your Fifty Pieces more: I have fworn not to take them: they shall not be altogether Fifty: —your Mistrefs, —forgive me that I should call her your Mistrefs, I meant *Elvira*, lives but at next door; I'll vifit her immediately: but not a word more of the Nine and forty Pieces.——

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs. —-Fifty Pounds for the poftage of a Letter! to fend by the Church is certainly the deareft road in Chriftendom. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE, AChamber. Gomez, Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I banish Flesh and Wine: I'll have none ftirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elvira, I care not; the fooner I am ftarv'd the fooner I am rid of Wedlock. I fhall learn the knack to fast a days; you have us'd me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the Gipfey anfwers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious Hilding!

Elvira, (crying.) But was ever poor innocent Creature fo hardly dealt with, for a little harmless Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Lascivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elvi. Was it fuch a Crime to enquire how the Battle pass'd ?

Gom. But that was not the bufinefs, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battle paft; you were engaging for a Skirmish that was to come.

Elvi. An honeft Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her Honour was fafe, and her Enemies were flain.

Gom. in her tone. And to ask if he were wounded in your defence; and, in cafe he were, to offer your felf to be his Chirurgeon: ______then, you did not defcribe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old Huncks.

Elvi. No, I need not: he defcribes himfelf fufficiently: but, in what Dream did I doe this? Gom.

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Gom. You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dreamt you were talking to the forefaid purpofe with one Colonel Hernando.

Elvi. Who, Dear Husband, who?

Gom. What the Devil have I faid ? You wou'd have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elvi. No, but, my dear little old man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your fake.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your felf: be confin'd, I fay, during our Royal Pleafure: But, first, down on your marrow-boncs, upon you: Allegeance; and make an Acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction. [Pulls her down.

Elvi. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submiffion : But I'll complain to my Ghoftly Father.

Gom. Ay; There's your Remedy: When you receive condign Punishment, you run with open Mouth to your Confession; that parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge; he must chucle you and moan

you: but I'll rid my hands of his Ghoftly Au-

[Enter Dominic.] thority one day, and make him know he's the Son of a (fees him.) So; ---- no

fooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle .---

Dom. Son of a what, Don Gomez ?

Gom. Why, A Son of a Church, I hope there's no harm in that, Father.

. Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time shall ferve: and to morrow I enjoyn you to Fast for Penance.

Gom. (Afide.) There's no harm in that; fhe fhall fast too: Fasting faves Money.

Dom. to Elvira, What was the reason that I found you upon your Knees, in that unfeemly posture?

Gom. (Afide.) O horrible ! to find a woman upon her Knees, he fays, is an unfeemly posture; there's a Priest for you.

Elvi. to *Dom.* I with, Father, you wou'd give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have fomewhat upon my Spirits that prefies me exceedingly.

Gomez, (Aside.) Was ever man thus Priest ridden? wou'd

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the

the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am fure there's room for it.

Elvi. I am asham'd to acknowledg my Infirmities; but you have been alwaies an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture, to — and yet I dare not.—

Dom. Nay, if you are bashfull; —— if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your Surgeon;

Elvi. You know my Husband is a man in years; but he's my Husband; and therefore I shall be filent: but his Humours are more intolerable then his Age: he's grown fo froward, fo covetous, and so jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, has forc'd me to cast my Affections on another man.

Dom. Good : — hold, hold; I meant abominable : _____ pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [Afide.

Elvi. I have feen this man, Father; and have incourag'd his Addreffes: he's a young Gentleman, a Souldier, of a most winning Carriage; and what his Courtship may produce at last I know not; but I am asraid of my own frailty.

Dom. (afide.) 'Tis lie for certain: — she has fav'd the Credit of my Function, by speaking first; now must I take Gravity upon me.

Gom. (alide.) This Whifpering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me fo plaguily under the lash, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your matrimonial Vow?

Elvi. Yes, to my forrow Father, I do remember it : a miferable woman it has made me : but you know, Father, a Marriagevow is but a thing of courfe, which all women take when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very folemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it : ——but, notwithftanding, it may be broken, upon fome occafions. ——Have you ftriven with all your might against this frailty?

Elvi. Yes, I have ftriven; but I found it was against the ftream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your Duty to strive alwaies: but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the Sin.

Gom.

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Gom. I can hold no longer. —— Now, Gentlewoman, you are confessing your Enormities; I know it by that hypocritical, down-cast Look: enjoin her to sit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can doe no less in Confeience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make use of my Authority? your Wife's a well-difpos'd and a vertuous Lady; I say it, In verbo Sacerdotis.

Elvi. I know not what to doe, Father; I find my felf in a most desperate Condition; and so is the Colonel for Love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, fay you! I with it be not the fame young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young man, I muft confefs, worthy of any Lady's love in Chriftendom; in a lawfull way I mean; of fuch a charming behaviour, fo bewitching to a Woman's eye; and furthermore, fo charitably given; by all good tokens, this muft be my Colonel Hernando.

Elvi. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him ! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for love of you: for he prefs'd a Letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confefs, I receiv'd it, left he fhould fend it by fome other; but with full refolution never to put it into your hands.

Elvi. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I shall dye.

Gom. (Whispering still.) A Pox of your close Committee! I'll listen I'm refolv'd: (steales nearer.)

Dom. Nay, If you are obstinately bent to fee it, —ufe your difcretion; but for my part, I wash my hands on 't. — what make you listning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves dropper.

Elvi. Til kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Abfolution, if you'll but pleafe to fland before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then. I have told you the ill Confequences; & liberavi animam meam. — Your Reputation is in danger, to fay nothing of your Soul. Notwithstanding, when the Spiritual means have been apply'd, and fails: in that cafe, the Carnal may be us'd. — You are a tender Child, you are; and must not be put into Defpair: your Heart is as fost and melting as your Hand.

SHe strokes her face; takes her by the hand; and gives the Letter. E 2 Gom.

Gam. Hold, hold, Father; you goe beyond your Commission: Palming is alwaies held foul play amonglt Gamesters.

Dom. Thus, good Intentions are misconstrued by wicked men: you will never be warn'd till you are excommunicate.

Gom. (Afide.) Ah, Devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in Excommunication then the Churche's Cenfure, a Wife man wou'd lick his Confcience whole with a wet finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am outlaw'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elvira, (rifing,) I have read the Note, Father, and will fend him an Anfwer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part ; but I wish your Intentions be honest. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a filent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin also. Nevertheles, If you believe abfolutely he will dye, unless you pity him : to fave a man's Life is a point of Charity; and actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may fay, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farwell, Daughter. — Gomez, cheristh your vertuous Wise; and thereupon I give you my Benediction: (going.)

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door, ——that I may be fure you fleal nothing by the way. ——Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing. ——Oh, 'tis a Judas Ifcariot.

[*Exit*, after the Fryar. Elvi. This Fryar is a comfortable man! He will understand nothing of the Business; and yet does it all.

> Pray Wives and Virgins, at your time of need, For a True Guide, of my Good Father's breed.

> > [Exit Elvira.

The End of the Second A&.

ACT III.

SCENE, The Street.

Lorenzo, in Fryars habit, meeting Dominic.

Lor. Ather Dominic, Father Dominic; Why in fuch haft man? Dom. It fhou'd feem a brother of our Order.

Lor. No, Faith, I am onely your brother in Iniquity : my holines, like yours, is meer out-fide.

Dom. What ! my noble Colonel in Metamorphofis ! On what occasion are you transform'd ?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter* into a Town-bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in anfwer to that I fent by you.

Dom. You fee I have deliver'd my Message faithfully : I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your Hint: the other Fifty pieces are. ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit !

Lor. 'Tis a Habit that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication: You have begun the Defign in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accomplifh it. The Husband is abfent; that evil Counfellour is remov'd; and the Sovereign is gracioufly difpos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good Counfel is but thrown away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son! ah _____

Lor. How! Will you turn Recreant at the last cast? You must along to countenance my undertaking: We are at the door man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't; and I will not go.

Lor. You may flay, Father; but no Fifty pounds without it: that was onely promis'd in the Bond: but the Condition of this Obligation is fuch, That if the above-named Father, Father Dominic, do not well and faithfully perform——

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the Reverence of my Prefence may be a curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your Myrmidon, and enter.

[Exeunt.] Enter

E 3.

Enter Elvira, in her Chamber.

Elvi. He'll come, that's certain: young Appetites are fharp; and feldom need twice bidding to fuch a Banquet: ———well; if I prove frail, as I hope I thall not, till I have compafs'd my Defign; never Woman had fuch a Husband to provoke her, fuch a Lover to allure her, or fuch a Confeffor to abfolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Confcience, that's fafe enough; my Ghoftly Father has given it a Dofe of Church Opium, to lull it: well, for foothing Sin, I'll fay that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Christendom.

Enter Lorenzo and Dominic.

O, Father Dominic, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples? Lor. (lifting up his hood.) I'll thew you that immediately.

CER A PULL A TO L

* Elvi. O, my Love!. .

Lor. My Life!

20

Elvi. My Soul! (They embrace.)

Dom. I am taken on the fudden with a grievous fwimming in my Head, and fuch a mift before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor fee.

Elvi. Stay, and I'll fetch you fome comfortable Water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open Air will doe me good. I'll take a turn in your Garden: but remember that I truft you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you. [*Exit* Dominic.

Elvi. This is certainly the duft of Gold which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the fudden he cannot fee: for my mind mifgives me, this Sickness of his is but Apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no Qualm of Conficience I'll be fworn : you fee, Madam, 'tis Interest governs all the World : he preaches against Sin; why? because he gets by't : he holds his tongue; why? because fo much more is bidden for his filence.

Elvi. And fo much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, those Eyes of yours reproch me justly: that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elvi. Do you confider the hazard I have run to fee you here? if you do, methinks it shou'd inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of confidering, let us confider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar let us together to tell Beads?

Love

12 1 2 30

Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his opportunities, he must be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treasurer, for he bolts out on the fudden, and, if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elvi. Why do you make fuch hafte to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches, wound up for firiking twelve immediately; but, after you are fatisfied, the very next that follows is the folitary found of fingle one.

Lor. How, Madam! Do you invite me to a Feast, and then preach Abstinence?

Elvi. No, I invite you to a Feast where the Difhes are ferv'd up in order : you are for making a hafty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment, like an hungry Clown: trust my management, good Colonel; and call not for your Deffert too foon : believe me, that which comes last, as it is the fweetest, fo it cloies the foonest.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this diffance, that there is fomewhat you expect from me : what am I to undertake or fuffer e'er I can be happy?

Elvi. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's Holy : By these dear Eyes.

Elvi. Spare your Oaths and Protestations; I know you Gallants of the time have a mint at your tongues end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me: but, By heavens, if you were in a condition ———

Elvi. Then you would not be fo prodigal of your Promifes, but have the Fear of Matrimony before your eyes: in few words, if you love me, as you profefs, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddeft I ever undertook; have with you, Lady mine; I take you at your word; and, if you are for a merry Jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it fartheft: 'there are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found: I, with my Knapfack, and you, with your Bottle at your back: we'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the Ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

Elvi. Give me your Hand, and strike a Bargain.

[He takes her Hand, and killes it. Lor. In

Lor. In fign and token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and fo forth—when fhould I be weary of Sealing upon this Softwax?

Elvi. O, Heavens ! I hear my Husband's voice.

22

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, Gentlewoman? there's fomething in the wind I'm fure, becaufe your Woman would have run up Stairs before me: but I have fecur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps now, in the Devil's name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like thefe frequent Conjunctions of the Flesh and Spirit; they are boding.

Elvi. Go hence, good Father; my Husband you fee is in an ill humour; and I would not have you witnefs of his folly.

[Lorenzo going. Gomez, (running to the door,) By your Reverence's favour, hold a little, I mult examin you fomething better before you go: Hi-day! who have we here? Father Dominic is fhrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the Belly : what are become of those two Timber-loggs that he us'd to wear for Leggs, that stood strutting like the two black Posts before a door? I am afraid fome bad body has been set fetting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity for a Receipt: this is no Father Dominic, no huge, over-grown Abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive fucking Fryar: as sure as a Gun now, Father Dominic has been fpawning this young, flender Anti-chrift.

Elvi. (aside,) He will be found; there's no prevention.

Gomez, Why does he not fpeak? What! Is the Fryar poffefs'd with a dumb Devil? If he be, I fhall make bold to conjure him.

Elvi. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoin'd Silence for a Penance.

Gomez, A Novice, quotha; You would make a Novice of me too, if you could : but, What was his bufine's here? Anfwer me that, Gentlewoman, anfwer me that.

Elvi. What fhou'd it be, but to give me fome Spiritual Inftructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edifie much from a dumb Preacher; this will not pafs; I muft examin the Contents of him a little clofer; O thou Confessor! confess who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World: {He comes to Lorenzo, who ftruggles with bim; his habit flies open, and discovers a Sword: Gomez starts back.

As I live, this is a manifest member of the Church militant.

Lor. (Afide.) I am difcover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge—Yes, Faith'tis I, honeft Gomez; thou feeft I use thee like a Friend; this is a familiar Visit.

Gom. What! Colonel Hernando turn'd a Fryar! who could have fuspected you for fo much Godlines?

Lor. E'en as thou feeft, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Visit, after so friendly an Invitation as I made you; marry, I hope you will excuse the Blunderbusses for not being in readiness to falute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it; I hate fuch ripping up of old unkindnefs; was upon the Frolick this evening, and came to vifit thee in Mafquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my Wife, or fo.

Lor. Right: Thou speakest my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then, to help you out? you wou'd have been fumbling half an hour for this Excufe—___but, as I remember, you promis'd to ftorm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of Red Locusts upon me for Free quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are Black Locusts in the World as well as Red.

Elvi. (Afide.) When comes my fhare of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honefteft, kind man; I was refolv'd I wou'd not out of thy houfe till I had feen thee.

Elvi. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his Habit. F

Gom. Ai, ai, the Vertues of that Habit are known abundantly. Elvi. I cou'd not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To refift him.

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Elvi. I'm fure he has not been here above a quarter of ana hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time wou'd have ferv'd the turn: O thou epitome of thy vertuous Sex! Madam *Meffalina* the Second retire to thy Appartment: I have an Affignation there to a make with thee.

Elvi. I am all Obedience [Exit Elvira.]

Lor. I find, Gomez, you are not the man I thought you: we may meet before we come to the Bar, we may, and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons then by Lawyers-tongues; in the mean time, no ill treatment of your Wife, as you hope to dye a natural death, and go to Hell in your Bed: *Bilbo* is the word, remember that, and tremble———— [*He's going out*.

Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty Couple? where are you, in the name of Goodnefs? my mind mifgave me; and I durft truft you no longer with your felves; here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next Confession.

Lor. (Afide.) The Devil is punctual, I fee, he has paid me the fhame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his part: too.

Dom. (Seeing Gom.) Blefs my Eyes! what do I fee?

Gom. Why; you fee a Cuckold of this honeft Gentleman's making : I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess I am astonish'd !

Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your Head piece and his Limbs have done my bufinefs.——Nay, do not look fo ftrangely, remember your own words, Here will be fine work at your next Confession: What naughty Couple were they whom you durft not truft together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had trufted 'em a full quarter of an hour; and, by the way, horns will fprout in lefs time then Mushrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accufe one of my Order upon light fufpicions: the naughty Couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animolities on both fides :

now, that was the occasion, mark me *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enraged Spirits too long together: you might have broken out into Revilings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confessions.

Lor. (Aside.) Well said, I saith, Fryar; thou art come off thy self, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in fome other Foord, good Father, you shall catch no Gudgeons here: look upon the Prisoner at the Bar Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel Hernando.

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, Gomez? I fee no man, but a Reverend Brother of our Order, whofe Profession I honour, but whose person I know not, as I hope for Paradise.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this Difguife, for the greatest Cuckold-maker in all Spain.

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Vilain! Nay, if he be fuch a man, my Righteous Spirit rifes at him! Does he put on Holy Garments for a cover-fhame of Lewdnefs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father; when a fwindging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it fo clofe as a Fryar's Hood: for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to doe a mifchief, and then fhrinks 'em back for fafety, like a Snail into her fhell.

Lor. (Afide.) It's best marching off while I can retreat with Honour; there's no trufting this Fryar's Confcience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily then e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to profecute me for putting on these Holy Robes: this is the old Church-trick, the Clergy is ever at the bottom of the Plot, but they are wife enough to flip their own Necks out of the Coller, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it— $\int Exit$ Lorenzo.

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone fo eafily, if I durft have trufted you in the houfe behind me; gather up your gouty Legs, I fay, and rid my houfe of that huge Body of divinity.

Dom. I expect fome Judgment fhou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director: Slander, Covetoufnefs, and Jealoufie, will weigh thee down.

35

F'2

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocrifie, and Gluttony, into your Scale, Father, and you shall weigh against me: nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine parts, and scarce leaves the Laity a tythe.

Dom. How dareft thou reproch the Tribe of Levi?

26

Gom. Marry, becaufe you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of Iffachar: you make Affes of us, to bear your burthens: when we are young, you put Paniers upon us, with your Church difcipline; and, when we are grown up, you load us with a Wife: after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our Wives too; a fine phrafe you have amongft you to draw us into Marriage, you call it Settling of a man; juft as when a fellow has got a found Knock upon the head, they fay he's fettled: Marriage is a Settling blow indeed. They fay every thing in the World is good for fomething, as a Toad, to fuck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for till your Pimping fhow'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou Slanderer, thy Offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are fome Offences there of your planting. [Exit Dominic.

Lord, Lord, that men fhould have fenfe enough to fet Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol cats, and Foxes, and yet Want wit a Prieft trap at their door to lay,

Want wit a Priest trap at their door to lay, For holy Vermin that in houses prey.

[Exit Gomez.

Then

SCENE, A Bed-chamber. Queen, Terefa.

Ter. You are not what you were fince yesterday: Your food forfakes you and your needfull rest: You pine, you languish, love to be alone; Think much, speak little; and, in speaking, sigh. When you see Torrismond, you are unquiet; But when you see him not, you are in pain.

Queen, O, let 'em never love, who never try'd! They brought a Paper to me to be fign'd; Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name; And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torrifmond*. I went to bed, and to my felf I thought, That I wou'd think on *Torrifmond* no more:

Then shut my Eyes; but cou'd not shut out him. I turn'd; and try'd each corner of my Bed, To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was loft. Fev'rith, for want of Reft, I rife, and walk'd; And, by the Moon-fhine, to the Windows went; There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts, I caft my eyes upon the neighbouring fields, And, e'er I was aware, figh'd to my felf, There fought my Torrismond.

Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love? The People will be glad, the Souldier fhout; And Bertran, though repining, will be aw'd:

Qu. I fear to try new Love, As boys to venture on the unknown Ice; That crackles underneath em, while they flide: Oh, how fhall I defcribe this growing ill! Betwixt my Doubt and Love, methinks, I ftand Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague fit; And yet, wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more ? La call and a stand

is mining 1 Qu. I am asham'd to fay, 'tis but a fancy. At break of day, when Dreams, they fay, are true, A drowzie flumber, rather then a fleep, Seiz'd on my Senfes, with long Watching worn. Methought I flood on a wide River's Bank Which I must needs derpais, but knew not how i sat a nuos When, on a fudden Torrismond appeard, Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er; Leaping and bounding on the Billows heads, Till fafely we had reach'd the farther fhore.

Ter. This Dream portends some ill which you shall scape. Wou'd you fee fairer Visions? Take this night i od 1. Thea Your Torrismond within your Arms to fleep: And, to that end, invent fome apt pretence 4 To break with Bertran : 'twould be better yet, Cou'd you provoke him to give you the occafion, 5 1000 1: 18 1100 Anow I can dye, but dare not le dupl. no min work ot neht bnA

Enter Bertran at a diftance. Su ung sud 2 Qu. My Stars have fent him : " The during of chino and a For, fee, he comes : how gloomily he looks hout of along a star If

F 3.

If he, as I fulpect, have found my Love, His Jealoufie will furnish him with Fury, And me with means to part.

28

Bertr. (Afide.) Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her false? If she be false, 'tis what she most defires. My Genius whispers me, Be cautious, Bertran? Thou walk'st as on a narrow Mountain's neck, A dreadfull height, with scanty room to tread.

Qu. What Bus'ness have you at the Court, my Lord?

Bert. What Bus nefs, Madam?

"Qu. Yes, my Lord, What Bus'nefs? "Tis fomewhat fure of weighty confequence That brings you here fo often, and unfent for.

Bert. (Afide.) 'Tis what I fear'd, her words are cold enough To freeze a man to death.—May I prefume 'To fpeak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame: What Bull dare bellow, or, what Sheep dares bleat, Within the Lion's den ?

Bert. Yet men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in mind-Of promis'd Blessings, for they then are Debts.

Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own time when to give; But you, it feems, charge me with Breach of Faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, Madam: But as when men in Sickness lingring lye, They count the tedious hours by months and years; So every day deferr'd to Dying Lovers Is a whole Age of pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er confent to make you mine? My Father's Promife ties me not to time; And Bonds, without a Date, they fay, are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound : Love is the freest motion of our minds : O, cou'd you see into my secret Soul, There you might read your own Dominion doubled, Both as a Queen and Mistress : if you leave me, Know I can dye, but dare not be displeased.

Qu. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord, Or give me caufe to think that when you loft, Three Battels to the *Moors*, you coldly flood

As unconcern'd as now. Bert. I did my beft; Fate was not in my power.

Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you faw. A raw young Warrier take your bafled work And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they who blaft Your good opinion of me, may have caufe

To know I am no Coward. [He is going. Qu. Bertran, flay;

(Afide.) This may produce fome difinal confequence. To him whom dearer then my Life I love.

To him. Have I not manag'd my contrivance well, To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert. Then was it but a Tryal? Methinks I ftart as from fome dreadfull Dream; And often ask my felf, if yet I wake.

(Afide.) This turns too quick to be without Defign; I'll found the bottom of't e'er I believe.

Qu. I find your Love; and wou'd reward it too, But anxious Fears folicit my weak breaft: I fear my People's Faith:

That hot mouth'd Beaft that bears against the Curb, Hard to be broken even by lawfull Kings;

But harder by Ufurpers:

Judge then, my Lord, with all these Cares opprest, If I can think of Love.

Bert. Believe me, Madam, Thefe Jealoufies, how ever large they fpread, Have but one Root, the old, imprifon'd King; Whofe Lenity firft pleas'd the gaping Crowd: But when long tried, and found fupinely good, Like \mathcal{A}_{fop} 's Logg, they leapt upon his Back: Your Father knew 'em well ; and when he mounted, He rein'd 'em ftrongly and he fpurr'd them hard; And, but he durft not doe it all at once, He had not left alive this patient Saint, This Anvil of Affronts, but fent him hence, To hold a peacefull Branch of Palm above, And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You 've hit upon the very String, which touch'd, Echoes the Sound and Jars within my Soul; There lies my Grief.

Bert. So long as there's a Head, Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly; Lop that but off; and then _____

Qu. My Vertue shrinks from such an horrid Act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a Vertue out of feafon. Mercy is good ; a very good dull Vertue ; But Kings miftake its timeing ; and are mild, When manly Courage bids 'em be fevere : Better be cruel once then anxious ever : Remove this threatning Danger from your Crown; And then fecurely take the man you love.

Qu. (walking afide.) Ha! let me think of that: the Man I love? 'Tis true, this Murther is the onely means That can fecure my Throne to Torrifmond. Nay more, this Execution done by Bertran, Makes him the Object of the People's Hate.

Bert. (Alide.) The more the thinks, twill work the ftronger in her. Qu. (Alide.) How eloquent is Mitchief to perfuade! Few are fo wicked as to take delight In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I: If then I break divine and humane Laws, No Bribe but Love cou'd gain fo bad a Caufe.

Bert. You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment, And I a Woman ignorant and weak: I leave it all to you, think what you doe, You doe for him I love.

Bert. (Afide.) For him the loves? She nam'd not me; that may be Torrifmond, Whom the has thrice in private feen this day: Then I am fairly caught in my own Snare. I'll think again — Madam, it thall be done; And mine be all the blame.

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not doe this Crime, And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done. The Priesthood grosly cheat us with Free-will: Will to doe what, but what Heaven first decreed?

Exit Bertr.

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Our Actions then are neither good nor ill, Since from eternal Caufes they proceed : Our Paffions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate, Meer fenflefs Engines that are mov'd by Fate; Like Ships on flormy Seas, without a Guide; Toft by the Winds, and driven by the Tyde.

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and prefs too often Into your prefence, Madam ? If I am_____

Qu. No more; left I fhou'd chide you for your ftay: Where have you been? and, How cou'd you fuppofe That I cou'd live thefe two long hours without you?

Tor. O, words to charm an Angel from his orb ! Welcome, as kindly Showers to long parch'd Earth ! But I have been in fuch a difinal place Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers : Bound in with Darknefs, over-fpread with Damps : Where I have feen (if I cou'd fay, I faw) The good old King majeftick in his Bonds, And 'midft his Griefs moft venerably great : By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke The gloomy Vapors, he lay ftretch'd along Upon the unwholefom Earth; his Eyes fix'd upward : And ever and anon a filent Tear Stole down and trickl'd from his hoary Beard.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love, Here end thy fad difcourfe, and, for my fake, Cast off these fearfull melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight, As early Bloffoms are with Eaftern blafts : He fent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head, He threw his aged Arms about my Neck ; And, feeing that I wept, he prefs'd me clofe : So, leaning Cheek to Cheek and Eyes to Eyes, We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Qu. Forbear : you know not how you wound my Soul. Tor. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too? He told me, when my Father did return, He had a wondrous Secret to difclofe :

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He kifs'd me, blefs'd me, nay, he call'd me Son; He prais'd my Courage, pray'd for my Succefs: He was fo true a Father of his Countrey, To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes, Becaufe they were his Subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I?

Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my Earthly Heaven-

Qu. And not your Queen?

Tor. You are so beautifull,

So wondrous fair, you justifie Rebellion: As if that faultless Face could make no Sin, But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive:

Qu. The King must dye, he must, my Torrismond; Though Pity fostly plead within my Soul, Yet he must dye, that I may make you great, And give a Crown in dowry with my Love.

Tor. Perifh that Crown — on any Head but yours; ______O, recollect your Thoughts!

Shake not his Hour glass, when his hafty Sand

Is ebbing to the last:

A little longer, yet a little longer,

And Nature drops him down, without your Sin, Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter Storm.

Qu. Let me but doe this one Injustice more: His Doom is past; and, for your fake, he dyes.

Tor. Wou'd you, for me, have done fo ill an Act, And will not doe a good one?

Now, By your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven, O fpare this Great, this Good, this Aged King; And fpare your Soul the Crime!

Qu. The Crime's not mine; 'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by Bertran, Fed. with false hopes to gain my Crown and Me: I, to inhance his Ruin, gave no leave; But barely bad him think, and then resolve.

For. In not forbidding, you command the Crime; Think, timely think, on the last dreadfull day; How will you tremble there to stand expos'd, And formost in the rank of guilty Ghosts That must be doom'd for Murther; think on Murther:

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That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes; The damn'd themfelves flart wide, and flun that Band, As far more black and more forlorn then they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it fhakes, it ftaggers me; I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought; Sure there is none but fears a future flate; And, when the most obdurate fwear they do not, Their trembling Hearts bely their boasting Tongues.

Enter Teresa.

Send fpeedily to *Bertran*; charge him ftrictly Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleafure. *Ter.* Madam, he fends to tell you, 'Tis perform'd.

[Exit Terefa. Tor. Ten thousand Plagues confume him, Furies drag him, Fiends tear him; Blasted be the Arm that strook, The Tongue that order'd;—Onely She be spar'd That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then The Power that guards the Sacred Lives of Kings? Why stept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts, Or bent their idle rage on Fields and Trees, When Vengeance call'd 'em here?

Qu. Sleep that Thought too, 'Tis done, and fince 'tis done, 'tis paft recall : And fince 'tis paft recall, muft be forgotten.

Tor. O, never, never, fhall it be forgotten; High Heaven will not forget it, after Ages Shall with a fearfull Curfe remember ours; And Bloud fhall never leave the Nation more!

Qu. His Body fhall be Royally interr'd, And the laft Funeral Pomps adorn his Hearfe; I will my felf (as I have Caufe too juft) Be the chief Mourner at his Obfequies : And yearly fix on the revolving day The folemn marks of Mourning, to attone And expiate my Offences.

Tor. Nothing can, But Bloudy Vengeance on that Traitor's Head, Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:

Love

Love calls, my *Torrifmond*; though Hate has rag'd. And rul'd the day, yet Love will rule the night. The fpitefull Stars have fhed their Venom down, And now the peacefull Planets take their turn. This Deed of *Bertran's* has remov'd all Fears, And giv'n me juft occasion to refuse him. What hinders now, but that the holy Prieft In fecret join our mutual Vows? and then This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.

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Tor. Be ftill my Sorrows; and, be loud my Joys. Fly to the utmoft Circles of the Sea Thou furious Tempeft that haft toft my mind, And leave no thought, but Leonora, there. What's this I feel aboding in my Soul? As if this day were fatal; be it fo; Fate fhall but have the Leavings of my love: My Joys are gloomy, but withall are great; The Lion, though he fee the Toils are fet, Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, fcowrs away, Hunts in the Face of Danger all the day; At night, with fullen pleafure, grumbles o'er his Prey.

[Exeunt ambo.

The End of the Third A&.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Before Gomez his Door.

Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, and two Souldiers at a distance.

Dom. J'L L not wag an ace farther: The whole World fhall not bribe me to it; for my Confcience will digeft these gross Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Confcience not digeft 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in Spain can flow a Confcience that comes near it for Digeftion: it digefted Pimping when I fent thee with my Letter: and it digefted Perjury when thou fwor'ft thou didft not know me: I'm fure it has digefted me Fifty pound of as hard Gold as is in all Barbary: Prithy, why flouldit thou difcourage Fornication, when thou knoweft thou loveft a fweet young Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em; —phau; no, —fpits. I do not love a pretty Girl; —you are fo waggish; —fpits again.

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom.- You take a mighty pleafure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running reftlefs up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purfe, and wearing out your Body with hunting alter unlawfull Game.

Lor. Why there's the Satisfaction on't.

Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging; and there's the Satiffaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm refolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiours for what thou haft dong already.

Dom. I'm refolv'd to forfwear it if you doo: Let me advife you better, Colonel, then to accufe a Church-man to a Churchman: in the common Caufe we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. (Afide.) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach first, and feewhose Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honesty, and bribe my Confcience: you shall be summon'd by an host of Paratours; you shall be sentenc'd in the Spi-

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ritual Court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be outlaw'd; _____and _____

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Here Lorenzo takes a Purse, and plaies, with it, and, at last, lets the Purse fall chinking on the ground; which the Fryar eyes.

In another tone. I fay a man might doe this now, if he were malicioufly difpos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremilty; but, confidering that you are my Friend, a Perfon of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather dye a thoufand deaths then difoblige you.

> {Lorenzo takes up the Purse, and poures it into the Fryar's sleeve.

Nay, Good Sir; nay, Dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now ! I profess this muft not be: without this I wou'd have ferv'd you to the uttermost; pray command me: a jealous, foul-mouth'd Rogue this *Gomez* is: I faw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, fhall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a witnefs.

Lor. But how fhall I fend her word to be ready at the door, (for I muft reveal it in Confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these two Souldiers? I know Gomez suffects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the Authority of my cloathing; yonder I fee him keeping Centry at his door: have you never feen a Citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his fides, and walking forward and backward a mighty pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Pass in spight of his sufpicion; stand you aside, and do but mark how I accoss him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulfe, we must throw off the Foxe's skin, and put on the Lion's, come, Gentlemen, you'll stand by me. Souldier, Do not doubt us, Colonel.

> {They retire all three to a corner of the Stage, Dominic goes to the door where Gomez flands.

Dom. Good even Gomez, how does your Wife? Gom. Juft as you wou'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and confpiring Cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare fay you wrong her, fhe is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your Jealoufie. Gom. Yes,

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have fome Spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may spare your Instructions if you please, Father, she has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you speak in Riddles ?

Gom. Since you will have me fpeak plainer; fhe has profited fo well already by your Counfel, that the can fay her Leffonwithout your teaching : Do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indifpos'd at prefent, and it will not be convenient to difturb her.

SDominic offers to go by him, but t'other flands before him.

Dom. Indifpos'd, fay you? O, it is upon those occasions that a Confession is most necessary; I think it was my good Angel that fent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whole good Angels fent you hither, that you best know, Father.

Dom. A word or two of Devotion will do her no harm I'm. fure.

Gom. A little Sleep will doe her more good I'm fure : You know the disburthen'd her Confeience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occafion to confess.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the Colonel, fhe may have occasion of confessing her felf every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has the been fick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to fpeak; why ever fince your last Defeat.

Dom. This can be but fome light Indifpolition, it will not laft, and I may fee her.

Gom. How, not last ! I fay, It will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these feven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I fee occasion: what; I know the mind of her Sickness a little better then you doe.

Dom. I find then, I must bring a Doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary with a chargeable long bill of Ana's: those of my Family have the Grace to dye cheaper :

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in a word, Sir *Dominic*, we understand one anothers business here: I am refolv'd to stand like the *Swiß* of my own Family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater Nosters* if you please, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls with Bell, Book, and Candle; but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this manner.

Dom. I wou'd treat the Pope and all his Cardinals in the fame manner, if they offer'd to fee my Wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou doft not open, there's Promulgation coming out:

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and fo I leave you to recreate your felf with the end of an old Song—and Sorrow came to the old Fryar. [Exit Gomez.

Lorenzo comes to him.

Lor. I will not ask you your Success; for I over-heard part of it, and faw the Conclusion; I find we are now put upon our last Trump; the Fox is, earth'd, but I-shall fend my two Terriers in after him.

Souldier, I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what hafte you can to bring out the Lady: what fay you, Father, Burglary is but a venial Sin among Souldiers.

Lor. What, take away a man's Wife, and kill him too ! the Wickedness of this old Villain flartles me, and gives me a twinge for my own Sin; though it come far short of his: hark you Souldiers, be fure you use as little Violence to him as is possible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to fecure him, with lefs danger to us.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown confcientious!

Dom. The old King you know is just murther'd, and the perfons that did it are unknown; let the Souldiers feize him for one of the Assafiantes, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for fufpecting a Fryar of the leaft good-nature; what, wou'd you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongfull quoad hoc, as to the Fact it felf; but 'tis rightfull quoad hunc, as to this Heretical Rogue, whom we must dispatch: he has rail'd against the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the murther of a Thousand Kings; Omne majus continet in se minus: He that is an Enemie to the Church, is an Enemie unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemie to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King, if he had been in the Circumstances of doing it: fo it is not wrongfull to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-man, if he were perfonally offended, but he wou'd bring in Heaven by hook or crook into his Quarrel. Souldiers, Doe as you were first order'd.

[Exeunt Souldiers.

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em ? Are you fure it's fafe, and not fcandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Defign, but not altogether fo mifchievous; the People are infinitely difcontented, as they have reafon; and Mutinies there are, or will be, against the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he should be fecurid as a Traitor; but he shall onely be Prisoner at the Souldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be releasid.

Dom. And what will become of me then ? for when he is free he will infallibly accufe me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you must have recourse to your infallible Church remedies, Lie impudently, and Swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whose Oath will be first believ'd: Retire; I hear 'em coming. [They withdraw.

Enter the Souldiers with Gomez strugling on their backs.

Gom. Help, good Chriftians, help Neighbours; my Houfe is broken open by force; and I am ravifh'd, and am like to be affaffinated; what do you mean Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedler's Pack upon your backs? will you murther a man in plain day-light?

First Souldier, No: But we'll secure you for a Traitor; and for being in a Plot against the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot ! O Lord! O Lord! I never durft be

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in a Plot: why, how can you in Confcience fufpect a rich Citizen of fo much wit as to make a Plotter ? there are none but poor Rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Sculdier, Away with him, away with him.

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Gom. O, my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be fav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it. [They carry him off, and exeunt.]

Lor. Thus far have we fail'd with a merry gale, and now we have the Cape of good Hope in fight; the Trade wind is our own if we can but double it. [He looks out.

(Alide.) Ah, my Father and Pedro stand at the corner of the Street with company, there's no stirring till they are past!

Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elvi. Am I come at last into your Arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended; and the Knight may carry off the Lady fafely.

Elvi. I'm fo overjoy'd, I can fcarce believe I am at liberty; but ftand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her Wings in vain againft her Cage, and at laft dares hardly venture out though. the fees it open.

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not fo free as you fuppofe; for there's an old Gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the passage at the corner of the ftreet.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter ? fomewhat I hope that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elvi. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us then Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter; here's the very Heart and Soul, and Life Bloud of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladys, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, Faith, we'll drink the Churche's Health out of them. But all this while I stand on Thorns; prithe, Dear, look out, and

fee

fee if the coast be free for our Escape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

Elvira goes to look, and Gomez comes running in upon ber : she shrieks out.

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories ---- What do I fee! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. (Afide.) What a hopefull Enterprize is here fpoil'd?

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lor. Cheer up man; thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now; and came running in full speed with the Wings of an Eagle and the Feet of a Tyger to thy refcue.

Gom. Ay, you are alwaies at hand to doe me a Courtefie with your Eagle's Feet, and your Tyger's Wings : and, What were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpose my Spiritual Authority in your behalf. Gom. And why did you shriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elvi. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

Gom. And that Casket under your Arm, for what end and purpofe?

Elvi. Onely to preferve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors-

Elvi. Onely to meet you, sweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence fum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends: the Colonel was walking by accidentally, and, hearing my voice, came in to fave me; the Fryar, who was hobling the fame way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithfull Wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and fhrieks out for Joy at my return: but if my Father-in-law had not met your Souldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I fhou'd neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have fhriek'd out for joy my felf for the lofs of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel ? Wilt thou not believe us ?

Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I shall thank you within-doors for your fafe custody of my Jewels and your own.

[He thrusts his Wife off the Stage.

Exit Elvira.

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As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we shall trie before a Civil Magiftrate who's the greater Plotter of us two, I against the State, or you against the Petticoate.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for fome thing.

[Beats him.

Gom. Murther! murther! I give up the Ghoft! I am defiroy'd! help! murther! murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the neighbours are coming out with Forks and Fire-fhovels and Spits and other domeftick Weapons; the *Militia* of a whole Alley is rais'd againft us.

Lor. This is but the Interest of my Debt, Master Usurer, the Principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dam. Ah, if your Souldiers had but difpatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid a fleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good counfel; ah— [Exeunt Lor. and Fryar feverally.

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's fuch a terrible Fellow that my mind mifgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the Judge : all my Misfortunes come together : I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten in one quarter of an hour; my poor Limbs finart, and my poor Head akes : ay, do, do, fmart Limb, ake Head, and fprout Horns; but F'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye? there's for that, (beats his own Head) and to a fine. young, modifh Lady, must ye? there's for that too; and, at threefcore, you old, doting Cuckhold, take that remembrance----a fine time of day for a man to be bound Prentice, when he is paft using of his Trade; to fet up an equipage of Noife, when he has most need of Quiet; instead of her being under Covert-baron, to be under Covert-feme my felf; to have my Body difabl'd, and my Head fortified; and, laftly, to be crowded into a narrow Box with a shrill Trebble.

That with one Blaft through the whole Houfe does bound, And first taught Speaking trumpets how to found.

FExit Gomez.

SCENE, The Court:

Enter Raymond, Alphonfo, Pedro.

Raym. Are thefe, are thefe, ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,

With

With which I flatter'd my long tedious abfence, To find, at my return, my Mafter murther'd? O, that I could but weep to vent my Paffion! But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother; 'tis obferv'd at Court Who weeps, and who wears black; and your Return Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours, To fee how you refent King Sancho's Death.

Raym. What generous man can live with that Conftraint Upon his Soul to bear, much lefs to flatter A Court like this! can I footh Tyranny? Seem pleas'd to fee my Royal Mafter murther'd, His Crown ufurp'd, a Diftaff in the Throne, A Council made of fuch as dare not fpeak, And could not if they durft; whence honeft men Banifh themfelves for fhame of being there: A Government that, knowing not true wifedom, Is foorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home ?

Alph. Vertue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment, Too heavy for the sunshine of a Court.

Raym. Well then, I will diffemble for an end. So great, fo pious, as a just Revenge : You'll join with me.

Alphon. No honeft man but muft.

Pedro, What Title has this Queen but Lawless Force ? And Force must pull her down.

Alphon. Truth is, I pity Leonora's cafe; Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime Which most her Soul abhors.

Raym. All fhe has done, or e'er can doe, of good, This one black Deed has damn'd.

Pedro, You'll hardly gain your Son to our Defign. Raym. Your reafon for't.

Pedro, I want time to unriddle it: Put on your tother Face; the Queen approches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.

H 3

Queens:

Raym. And that accurfed Bertran Stalks clofe behind her, like a Witche's Fiend, Preffing to be employ'd; ftand, and observe them.

54 Queen, to Bertran: Bury'd in private, and fo fuddenly! It croffes my Defign, which was t'allow The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree, With all the Pomp of mourning. Bert. It was not fafe: Objects of pity, when the caufe is new, Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd: Had Cæsar's body never been exposid, . Brutus had gain'd his Caufe. · Queen, Then, was he lov'd? Bertran, O, never man fo much, for Saint-like goodnefs. Pedro, (Afide.) Had bad men fear'd him but as good men He had not yet been fainted. (lov'd him. Queen, I wonder how the People bear his Death, Bertr. Some difcontent there are; fome idle murmurs. Pedro, How, Idle Murmurs! Let me plainly speak: The doors are all fhut up; the wealthier fort, With Arms a-crofs, and Hats upon their Eyes, Walk to and fro before their filent Shops: Whole droves of Lenders crowd the Banquers doors, To call in Money; those who have none, mark Where Money goes; for when they rife'tis Plunder: The Rabble gather round the Man of News, And liften with their Mouths; Some tell; fome hear, fome judge of News, fome make it; And he who lies most loud, is most believ'd. Queen, This may be dangerous. Raym. (Alide.) Pray Heaven it may. Bertr. If one of you must fall; Self-prefervation is the first of Laws: And if, when Subjects are oppress'd by Kings, They justifie Rebellion by that Law, As well may Monarchs turn the edge of right To cut for them, when felf-defence requires it. Queen, You place fuch Arbitrary Power in Kings, That I much fear, if I should make you one, You'll make your felf a Tyrant; let these know By what Authority you did this Act.

Bertran, You much furprize me to demand that Question: But, fince Truth must be told, 'I was by your own.

Queen,

Queen, Produce it; or, By Heaven, your Head shall answer The Forfeit of your Tongue.

Raym. (Aside.) Brave mischief towards. Bertran, You bad me.

Queen, When, and where?

Bertr. No, I confess, you bad me not in words; The Dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs, And pointed full upon the stroke of Murther: Yet this you said,

You were a woman ignorant and weak,. So left it to my care.

Queen, What if I faid,

I was a woman ignorant and weak, Were you to take th'advantage of my Sex, And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd, You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toiles; And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd; Were you to make my Doubts your own Commiffion ??

Bertr. This 'tis to ferve a Prince too faithfully; Who, free from Laws himfelf, will have that done, Which, not perform'd, brings us to fure Difgrace; And, if perform'd, to Ruin.

Queen, This 'tis to counfel things that are unjuft :-Firft, to debauch a King to break his Laws, (Which are his fafety,) and then feek Protection From him you have endanger'd; but; Juft Heaven; When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil. More deep than those he tempted.

Bert. If Princes not protect their Ministers, What man will dare to serve them?

Queen, None will dare To ferve them ill, when they are left to Laws; But when a Counfellor, to fave himfelf, Would lay Mifcarriages upon his Prince, Exposing him to publick Rage and Hate; O, 'tis an A& as infamously base, As should a common Souldier fculk behind; And thrust his General in the Front of War: It shews he onely ferv'd himfelf before, And had no fense of Honour, Country, King; 55

But center'd on himfelf; and us'd his Mafter As Guardians do their Wards, with flows of care, But with intent to fell the publick Safety, And pocket up his Prince.

Pedro, (Afide.) Well faid, i'faith; 'This Speech is e'en too good for an Ufurper.

Bertr. I fee for whom I must be facrific'd; And, had I not been fotted with my zeal, I might have found it fooner.

Queen, From my fight ! The Prince who bears an Infolence like this -Is fuch an Image of the Powers above, As is the Statue of the Thundring God, Whofe Bolts the Boys may play with.

Bertran, Unreveng'd I will not fall, nor fingle.

.56

[Exit Bertran cum suis.

Queen to Raymond, who kiffes her hand.

Qu. Welcome, welcome: I faw you not before: one Honeft Lord Is hid with eafe among a Crowd of Courtiers: How can I be too gratefull to the Father Of fuch a Son as *Torrifmond*?

Raym. His Actions were but Duty. Queen, Yet, My Lord,

All have not paid that Debt like noble Torrifmond; You hear how Bertran brands me with a Crime, Of which, your Son can witnefs, I am free; I fent to ftop the Murther, but too late; For Crimes are fwift, but Penitence is flow; The bloudy Bertran, diligent in ill, Flew to prevent the foft returns of Pity.

Raym. O curfed Hafte of making fure a Sin! Can you forgive the Traytor ?

Queen, Never, never: 'Tis written here in Characters fo deep That feven years hence, ('till then fhould I not meet him,) And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence, Ev'n from the Holy Altar to the Block.

Raym. (Afide.) She's fir'd, as I would with her; aid me Justice,

As all my ends are thine, to gain this Point; And ruin both at once: — It wounds indeed, To bear Affronts too great to be forgiven, And not have Power to punifh; yet one way There is to ruin *Bertran*.

Queen, O, there's none; Except an Hoft from Heaven can make fuch hafte To fave my Crown as he will doe to feize it : You faw he came furrounded with his Friends, And knew befides our Army was remov'd To quarters too remote for fudden ufe.

Raym. Yet you may give Commiffion To fome Bold man whofe Loyalty you truft, And let him raife the Train-bands of the City.

Queen, Grofs feeders, Lion talkers, Lamb like fighters. Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City, What pufhing force they have; fome popular Chief, More noifie than the reft, but cries Halloo, And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out; The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd, And One and All's the Word; true Cocks of th'Game, That never ask for what, or whom, they fight; But turn 'em out, and fhew 'em but a Foe, Cry Liberty, and that's a Caufe of Quarrel.

Queen, There may be Danger, in that boilt'rous Rout: Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes, But fome new Blaft of wind may turn those Flames Against my Pallace Walls.

Raym. But still their Chief Must be fome one whole Loyalty you trust.

Queen, And who more proper for that Trust then you, Whose Interests, though unknown to you, are mine ? Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the Rabble, He shall appear to head 'em.

Raymon, (Afide to Alphenfo and Pedro,) First feize Bertran, And then infinuate to them that I bring Their lawfull Prince to place upon the Throne. Alphon. Our lawfull Prince.

Ruym. Fear not; I can produce him.

Pedro to Alph. Now we want your Son Lorenzo: what a mighty faction I Would

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To ber.

Would he make for us of the City Wives, With, ô, dear Husband, my fweet honey Husband, Won't you be for the Colonel ? if you love me, Be for the Colonel; ô he's the fineft man !

58

[*Exeunt* Alphonfo, Pedro. *Raym.* (*Afide.*) So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot; She thinks fhe's in the depth of my Defign, And that it's all for her, but time fhall thow, She onely lives to help me ruin others, And laft, to fall her felf.

Queen, Now to you Raymond: Can you guels no reafon Why I repole fuch Confidence in you? You needs muft^{think} There's fome more powerfull Caufe then Loyalty: Will you not fpeak to fave a Lady's Blufh? Muft I inform you 'tis for Torrifmond, That all this Grace is flown? (fear'd.

Raym. (Afide.) By all the Powers, worfe, worfe, then what I Queen, And yet, what need I blufh at fuch a Choice? I love a man, whom I am proud to love, And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives What Gratitude would force; ô, pardon me; I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before: Yet think fo vaft a Treafure as your Son, Too great for any private man's pofferfion; And him too rich a Jewel to be fet In vulgar metal, or for vulgar ufe.

Raym. Arm me with Patience Heaven.

Queen, How, Patience, Raymond ! What exercife of Patience have you here? What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd? Or in my Perfon loath'd? Have I, a Queen, Paft by my Fellow-rulers of the World, Whofe vying Crowns lay glittering in my way, As if the World were pav'd with Diadems? Have I refus'd their Bloud, to mix with yours, And raife new Kings from fo obfcure a race, Fate fcarce knew where to find them when I call'd? Have I heap'd on my Perfon, Crown and State, To load the Scale, and weigh'd my felf with Earth,

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At

For you to fpurn the Balance?

Raym. Bate the laft; and 'tis what I would fay; Can I, can any Loyal Subject fee With Patience fuch a ftoop from Sovereignty, An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook ? My Zeal for you muft lay the Father by, And plead my Countrie's Caufe againft my Son. What though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant; He wants a Crown to poife againft a Crown, Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.

Queen, All thefe I have, and thefe I can beftow; But he brings Worth and Vertue to my Bed; And Vertue is the Wealth which Tyrants want: I ftand in need of one whofe Glories may Redeem my Crimes, ally me to his Fame, Difpell the Factions of my Foes on Earth, Difarm the Juffice of the Powers above.

Raym. The People never will endure this choice. Queen, If I endure it what imports it you? Goe raife the Ministers of my Revenge, Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempest round, And see its Fury fall where I defign; At last a time for just Revenge is given; Revenge the darling attribute of Heaven : But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long; Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong; Great in forgiving, and in fuffering brave; To be a Saint he makes himself a Slave. [Exit Queen.

Raymond, (folus,) Marriage with Torrifmond! it must not be; By Heaven, it must not be; or, if it be; Law, Justice, Honour bid farwell to Earth; For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

Enter Torrismond, who kneels to kim.

Tor. O, ever welcome, Sir, But doubly now ! you come in fuch a time, As if propitious Fortune took a care To fwell my Tide of Joys to their full height, And leave me nothing farther to defire. Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,

At least, to fave your Fortune and your Honour: Take heed you steer your Vessel right, my Son, This Calm of Heaven, this Mermayd's melody, Into an unfeen whirl pool draws you fast, And in a moment finks you.

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Tor. Fortune cannot: And Fate can fcarce; I've made the Port already, And laugh fecurely at the lazy ftorm That wanted wings to reach me in the deep. Your pardon, Sir; my duty calls me hence; I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddefs, To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.

Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagin; Stay, I command you ftay, and hear me firft, This hour's the very *Crifis* of your Fate, Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame; And all the colour of your Life depends On this important Now.

Tor. I fee no danger; The City, Army, Court efpoufe my Caufe; And, more then all, the Queen with publick favour Indulges my Pretensions to her Love.

Raym. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy, 'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Design.

Tor. If fhe can make me bleft? fhe onely can : Empire, and Wealth, and all fhe brings befide, Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love: The fweeteft, kindeft, truett of her Sex, In whofe Poffeffion years roule round on years, And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again: Kiffes, Embraces, Languishing and Death, Still from each other, to each other move To crown the various feasons of our Love : And doubt you if fuch Love can make me happy ?

Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more. Tor. And what can thock my Honour in a Queen? Raym. A Tyrant, an Ufurper? Tor. Grant the be.

When from the Conquerour we hold our Lives, We yield our felves his Subjects from that hour :

For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.

Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life, Because he took it not by lawless Force? What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd? Am I oblig'd, by that, t'assift his Rapines, And to maintain his Murthers?

Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd ; Kings Titles commonly begin by Force, Which Time wears off and mellows into Right: So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny, Is ripn'd in the next to true Succession: She's in Possession.

Raym. So Diseases are: Shou'd not a lingring Fevor be remov'd; Becaufe it long has rag'd within my Bloud? Do I rebell when I wou'd thruft it out? What, shall I think the World was made for One. And Men are born for Kings, as Beafts for Men ; Not for Protection, but to be devour'd? Mark those who dote on Arbitrary Power, And you shall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth, Or needy Bankrupts, fervil in their greathefs, And Slaves to fome, to lord it o'er the reft. O baseness, to support a Tyrant Throne, And crush your Free-born-brethren of the World! Nay, to become a part of Usurpation; To espouse the Tyrants Person and her Crimes,-And, on a Tyrant, get a Race of Tyrants To be your Country's Curle in after Ages.

Tor. I fee no Crime in her whom I adore, Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none: Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er To an eternal Lethargy of Love; To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure, And but difturb the Quiet of my Death.

Raym. O, Vertue ! Vertue!" what art thou become ? That men fhould leave thee for that Toy a Woman Made from the drofs and refufe of a Man; Heaven took him fleeping when he made her too; Had man been waking he had ne'er confented.

Now Son fuppofe Some brave Confpiracy were ready form'd To punish Tyrants and redeem the Land, Cou'd you fo far bely your Country's Hope, As not to head the Party ?

Tor. How cou'd my Hand rebell againft my Heart ? Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebell againft your Reafon? Tor. No Honour bids me fight againft my felf; The Royal Family is all extinct, And fhe who reigns beftows her Crown on me: So muft I be ungratefull to the Living, To be but vainly pious to the Dead; While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I? For know there yet furvives the lawfull Heir Of Sancho's bloud, whom when I fhall produce, I reft affur'd to fee you pale with Fear And Trembling at his Name.

Tor. He must be more then Man who makes me tremble : I dare him to the Field with all the ods Of Justice on his fide, against my Tyrant: Produce your lawfull Prince, and you shall see How brave a Rebell Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet fign'd, And given me by the King when time fhou'd ferve To be perus'd by you.

Torrismond reads.

I the King.

My youngest and alone surviving Son Reported dead t'escape rebellious rage Till happier times shall call his Courage forth To break my Fetters or revenge my Fate I will that Raymond educate as his, And call him Torrismond

If I am he, that Son, that *Torrismond*, The World contains not fo forlorn a Wretch!

Let never man believe he can be happy! For when I thought my Fortune most fecure, One fatal moment tears me from my Joys: And when two Hearts were joyn'd by mutual Love, The Sword of Justice cuts upon the Knot, And fevers 'em for ever.

Raym. True; it must.

Tor. O cruel man, to tell me that it must ! If you have any Pity in your Breast, Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate, And plunge me in my first Obscurity : The Secret is alone between us two; And though you wou'd not hide me from my felf, O, yet be kind, conceal me from the World, And be my Father still.

Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too plain, Now, in the name of Honour, Sir, I beg you (Since I must use Authority no more) On these old Knees I beg you, e'er I dye, That I may see your Father's Death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the onely bus'ness of my Life; My Order's issued to recall the Army, And Bertran's Death resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's; ô She's the chief Offender ! Shall Juffice turn her Edge within your Hand ? No, if the fcape, you are your felf the Tyrant, And Murtherer of your Father.

Tor. Cruel Fates,

To what have you referv'd me!

Raym. Why that Sigh?

Tor. Since you must know, but break, ô break my Heart, Before I tell my Fatal Story out, Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's Ruin,

The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!

Raym. O, Horrour! Horrour! after this Alliance, Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolfs with Sheep, And every Creature couple with his Foe. How vainly Man defigns when Heaven oppofes! I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power, Permitted you to fight for this Ufurper,

Indeed

Indeed to fave a Crown, not her's, but yours, All to make fure the Vengeance of this Day, Which even this Day has ruin'd — one more queftion Let me but ask, and I have done for ever: Do you yet love the Caufe of all your Woes, Or, is fhe grown (as fure fhe ought to be) More odious to your fight than Toads and Adders?

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Tor. O, there's the utmost Malice of my Fate, That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more :------Farwell my much lamented King. (Afide,) I dare not truft him with himfelf fo far To own him to the People as their King, Before their Rage has finish'd my Defigns On Bertran and the Queen, but in Despite Ev'n of himfelf I'll fave him. [Exit Raymond.]

Tor. 'Tis but a moment fince I have been King, And weary on't already; I'm a Lover, Am lov'd, poffefs; yet all thefe make me wretched; And Heav'n has giv'n me Bleffings for a Curfe. With what a load of Vengeance am I preft, Yet never, never, can I hope for Reft; For when my heavy Burthen I remove, The weight falls down, and crufhes her I love.

[Exit Torrismond.

The real limit was live ?

The End of the Fourth A&.

Call Cards HE goard Tige do 18

ACT V.

SCENE, A Bed-chamber.

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. Ove, Justice, Nature, Pity and Revenge Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breast, And I am all a Civil-war within!

Enter Queen and Teresa at a distance.

My Leonora there!

Mine? Is the mine? My Father's Murtherer mine? Oh! that I could with Honour love her more, Or hate her lefs with Reafon! See, the weeps; Thinks me unkind, or falfe, and knows not why I thus eftrange my Perfon from her Bed: Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart: She'll know too foon her own and my Misfortunes. 'Queen, He's gon, and I am loft; Didft thou not fee

His fullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd: He look'd not like the *Torrifmond* I lov'd.

Ter. Can you not guels from whence this Change proceeds ? Queen, No: there's the Grief, Terefa: Oh, Terefa! Fain would I tell thee what I feel within, But Shame and Modesty have ty'd my Tongue! Yet, I will tell; that thou maiest weep with me. How dear, how fweet his first Embraces were! With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine! And fuckt my Breath at every word I spoke, As if he drew his Inspiration thence: While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths, As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet: I thought: Oh no; 'Tis false: I could not think; 'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then fure his Transports were not less than yours. Qu. More, more ! for by the high-hung Tapers light I cou'd difern his Cheeks were glowing red,

F Exit.

His very Eye-balls trembl'd with his Love, And fparkl'd through their Cafements humid Fires : He figh'd and kifs'd, breath'd fhort, and wou'd have fpoke, But was too fierce to throw away the time; All he cou'd fay was Love, and *Leonora*.

Ter. How then can you suspect him loft fo foon ?

Qu. Last night he flew not with a Bridegroom's haste, Which eagerly prevents the pointed hour; I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light, And listned to each fostly treading step, In hope 'twas he : but still it was not he. At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks, So wild, so ghassly, as if some Ghoss had met him; All pale, and speechles, he survey'd me round; Then, with a Groan, he threw himself a-bed, But far from me, as far as he cou'd move, And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me.

Ter. What, all the night ?

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Queen, Even all the live long night. At laft: (for, blufhing, I muft tell thee all,) I prefs'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side, He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent. With that I burft into a floud of Tears, And ask'd him how I had offended him? He anfwer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans, So reftlefs paft the night : and at the Dawn Leapt from the Bed, and vanifh'd.

Ter. Sighs and Groans, Paleness and Trembling, all are signs of Love; He onely fears to make you share his Sorrows.

Queen, I wish 'twere so: but Love still doubts the worst; My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woes, Foreboads fome ill at hand: To sooth my sadness Sing me the Song which poor Olympia made When salfe Bireno left her.

A SONG. I.

Farwell ungratefull Traytor, Farwell my perjur'd Swain, Let never injur'd Creature Believe a Man again. The Pleafure of Poffeffing Surpaffes all Expressing, But 'tis too short a Blessing, And Love too long a Pain. II. 'Tis easte to deceive us

In pity offour Pain, But when we love you leave us To rail at you in vain. Before we have defcry'd it There is no Blifs befide it, But fhe that once has try'd it Will never love again.

Ш.

The Paffion you pretended Was onely to obtain, But when the Charm is ended The Charmer you difdain. Tour Love by ours we meafure Till we have lost our Treafure, But Dying is a Pleafure, When Living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torrismond.

Tor. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak; But wander like some discontend Ghost That oft appears, but is forbid to talke. [Going again. Queen, O, Torrismond, if you refolve my Death, You need no more but to go hence again;

Will you not fpeak? Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak ! oh, fpeak !

Your

Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence. Tor. Oh !

Queen, Do not figh, or tell me why you figh? Tor. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you fpeak that word ? Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Vertue.

Tor. No! No! Pray let me go.

Queen, (kneeling) You fhall not goe: By all the Pleafures of our Nuptial bed, It ever I was lov'd, though now I 'm not, By thefe true Tears, which from my wounded Heart Bleed at my Eyes.

Tor. Rife.

1001

Queen, I will never rife,

I cannot chuse a better place to dye.

Tor. Oh! I wou'd fpeak, but cannot.

Queen, (rifing) Guilt keeps you filent then; you love me not :: What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done? To fee my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love No fooner gain'd, but flighted and betray'd: And like a Rofe juft gather'd from the Stalk, But onely fmelt, and cheaply thrown afide To wither on the ground.

Tere. For Heaven's fake, Madam, moderate your Passion.

Queen, Why nam'st thou Heaven? there is no Heaven for me, Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul: When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from ground, To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to Me; When each Embrace was dearer than the first; Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off; It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd, And loathfome: Oh! what Woman can bear Loathfome? The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate, He bills the closer : but ungratefull Man, Der Warder har former Base, barbarous Man, the more we raise our Love, gigt the trail? The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour. Racks, Poifon, Daggers, rid me but of Life; 1.5. UO And any Death is welcome. OUTION DO

But

Tor. Be witnefs all ye Powers that know my Heart, I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,

But fhe has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd: Here, take this Paper, reade our Deftinies; Yet do not; but in kindnefs to your felf, Be ignorantly fafe.

Qu. No ! give it me, Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.

Tor. Then fee how much unhappy Love has made us. O Leonora! Oh!

We two were born when fullen Planets reign'd ; When each the others Influence oppos'd, And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth. Oh! better, better had it been for us That we had never feen, or never lov'd.

Queen, There is no Faith in Heaven, if Heaven fays fo, You dare not give it.

Tor. As unwillingly,

As I would reach out Opium to a Friend Who lay in Torture, and defir'd to dye. [Gives the Paper. But now you have it, fpare my fight the pain Of feeing what a world of Tears it coft you: Go filently enjoy your part of Grief, And fhare the fad Inheritance with me.

Queen, I have a thirfty Fevor in my Soul, Give me but prefent Eafe, and let me dye. Exit Qu. and Teref.

Enter, Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City. Bands are up, Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd; All cluftring in a heap, like fwarming Hives, And rifing in a moment.

Tor. With defign to punish Bertran, and revenge the King, "Twas order'd fo.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord. I like the state of the second secon

K 3.

Tor. O Sacrilege! Say quickly who commands This vile blafpheming Rout?

5

Lor. I'm loth to tell you, But both our Fathers thruft 'em headlong on, And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and Hell! Somewhat must be refolv'd, and speedily, How fayst thou, my Lorenzo? darst thou be A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son, To help me fave the Queen?

Lor. (Afide.) Let me confider; Bear Arms againft my Father? he begat me; That's true; but for whofe fake did he beget me? For his own fure enough : for me he knew not. Oh! but fays Confcience : Fly in Nature's Face? But how if Nature fly in my Face firft? Then Nature's the Aggreffor: Let her look to't —— — He gave me Life, and he may take it back :—— No, that's Boys play, fay!I.——

'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different fides: For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treafon. (To Tor.) Sir, upon mature confideration, I have found my Father To be little better than a Rebel, and therefore I'll doe My beft to fecure him for your fake; in hope you may Secure him hereafter for my fake.

Tor. Put on thy utmost speed to head the Troops Which every moment I expect tarrive: Proclaim me, as I am, the lawfull King: I need not caution thee for *Raymond's* Life, Though I no more must call him Father now.

Lor. (Afide.) How! not call him Father? I fee Preferment alters a man ftrangely, This may ferve me for a Ufe of Inftruction, To caft off my Father when I am great. Methought too he call'd himfelf the lawfull King; Intimating fweetly that he knows what's what With our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my Father, as I hope in Heaven I fhall, I am in a fair Way to be a Prince of the Bloud: Farwell General; (Tawny. I'll bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in Orange-[Exit.] (up

Tor. (at the door.) Haft there, command the Guards be all drawn Before

Before the Palace gate.——By Heaven, I'll face This Tempest, and deferve the Name of King. O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes, Never were Hell and Heaven so match'd before ! Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'st on me; Then all the Blest will begg that thou may'st live, And even my Father's Ghost his Death forgive.

[Exit Tor.

SCENE The Palace-yard.

- Drums and Trumpets within. Enter Raymond, Alphonfo, Pedro, and their Party.

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the time is come To fhow your Courage and your Loyalty: You have a Prince of Sancho's Royal Bloud, The Darling of the Heavens and Joy of Earth; When he's produc'd, as foon he fhall, among you; Speak, what will you adventure to re-feat him Upon his Father's Throne?

Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our Success, But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our way?

Omn. Lead on, Lead on.

Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.

Enter Torrismond and his Party: as they are going to fight, he speaks.

Tor. to his, Hold, hold your Arms. Raym. to his, Retire. Alph. What means this Paufe? Ped. Peace: Nature works within them. [Tor. & Ray.go apart:. Tor. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet On thefe harfh terms! thou very reverend Rebel? Thou venerable Traitor, in whofe Face And hoary Hairs Treafon is fanctified; And Sin's black dy feems blanch'd by Age to Vertue. Raym. What Treafon is it to redeem my King, And to reform the State?

Tor. That's

Tor. That's a stale Cheat, The primitive Rebel, Lucifer, first us'd it, And was the first Reformer of the Skyes.

Raym. What if I fee my Prince miftake a Poifon, Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traitor, Becaufe I hold his Hand or break the Glafs?

Tor. How darft thou ferve thy King againft his Will? Raym. Becaufe 'tis then the onely time to ferve him.

Tor. I take the blame of all upon my felf,

Difcharge thy weight on me.

Raym. O, never, never ! Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toft in a Tempeft Without the Pilot's Care.

Tor. I'll punifh thee, By Heaven, I will, as I wou'd punifh Rebels, Thou ftubborn loyal Man.

Raym. First let me fee Her punisht who misleads you from your Fame, Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces, And I shall dye well pleas'd.

Tor. Proclaim my Title, To fave the effusion of my Subjects Bloud, and thou shalt still Be as my Foster-father near my Breast, And next my Leonora.

Raym. That word flabs me. You fhall be flill plain *Torrifmond* with me, Th' Abetter, Partner, (if you like that name,) The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King; Till you deferve that Title by your Juffice.

Tor. Then, farwell Pity, I will be obey'd. (To the People.) Hear, you miftaken Men, whofe Loyalty Runs headlong into Treafon: See your Prince, In me behold your murther'd Sancho's Son; Difmifs your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.

Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are loofe As heaps of Sand, and fcattering, wide from fenfe. You fee he knows not me, his natural Father; But aiming to poffefs th' ufurping Queen, So high he's mounted in his Aiery hopes, That now the Wind is got into his Head,

And

And turns his Brains to Frenzy.
Tor. Hear me yet, I am_______
Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But ipare his Perfon for his Father's fake.
Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that fhall cure him.
There's no Surgeon in all Arragon has fo much
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-vein.
Tor. My Right for me.
Raym. Our Liberty for us.

Omn. Liberty, Liberty, _____ [As they are ready to fight.

Enter Lorenzo and his Party.

Lor. On forfeit of your Lives lay down your Arms. Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there 2

Lor. Take your Rebel back again Father mine. The beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerours. I have been at hard-head with your butting Citizens; I have routed your Herd; I have difperft them; And now they are retreated quietly, From their extraordinary Vocation of Fighting in The Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of Cozening In their Shops.

Tor. to Raym. You fee'tis vain contending with the Truth, Acknowledge what I am.

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your own; But by a fatal fondness you betray Your Fame and Glory to th' Usurper's Bed: Enjoy the Fruits of Bloud and Parricide, Take your own Crown from Leonora's Gift, And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Arms.

Enter Queen and Terefa : Women.

Alph. No more: behold the Queen. Raym. Behold the Bafilisk of Torrifmond, That kills him with her eyes, I will fpeak on, My Life is of no further ufe to me: I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance: Now let it go for Failing.

Tor. (Afide.) My Heart finks in me while I hear him fpeak, And every flackn'd fiber drops its hold, Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life : So much the Name of Father aws me still. Send off the Crowd :

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For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear with honour your De-Lor. to Alph. Now, Sir, who proves the Traitor? My Confcience Is true to me, it alwaies whifpers right when I have my Regiment to back it.

[Exeunt omnes præter Tor. Ray. Leon. Tor. O Leonora! what can Love do more? I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmoft : Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine: And yet at laft that Tyrant, Juftice! Oh _____

Queen, 'Tis paft, 'tis paft: and Love is ours no more: Yet I complain not of the Powers above; They made m'a Mifer's feaft of Happinefs, And cou'd not furnish out another meal. Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men; By all my Foes at once; I fwear, my Torrismond, That to have had you mine for one short day Has cancell'd half my mighty fum of Woes: Say but you hate me not.

Tor. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? fay that once more; That all the Saints may witnefs it against you.

Queen, Cruel Raymond!

Can he not punish me but he must hate? O! 'tis not Justice, but a brutal Rage, Which hates th' Offender's person with his Crimes : I have enough to overwhelm one Woman, To lose a Crown and Lover in a day : Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour strikes.

Raym. Then, then you fhould have thought of Tears and Pity, When Vertue, Majesty, and hoary Age Pleaded for Sancho's Life.

Qu. My future days shall be one whole Contrition; A Chapel will I build with large Endowment, Where every day an hundred aged men Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heaven, To pardon Sancho's Death.

Tor. See, Raymond, fee: fhe makes a large amends :

Sancho

(mands.

Sancho is dead : no punifhment of her Can raife his cold ftiff limbs from the dark Grave; Nor can his bleffed Soul look down from Heaven; Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Reft, To fee with Joy her Miferies on Earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence, For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true; But man, who knows not Hearts, flould make Examples; Which like a Warning-piece must be flot off, To fright the rest from Crimes.

Queen, Had I but known that Sancho was his Father, I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Bloud To fave one Drop of his.

Tor. Mark that, Inexorable Raymond mark ! 'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.

Raym. What if fhe did not know he was your Father ? She knew he was a Man, the Beft of men,

Heaven's Image double ftampt, as Man and King. Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can fay, But yet———

Raym. But yet you barbaroufly murther'd him. Queen, He will not hear me out!

Tor. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead ? Curb your ill manner'd Zeal.

Raym. Sing to him Syren; For I fhall ftop my Ears: now mince the Sin, And mollifie Damnation with a Phrafe: Say you confented not to Sancho's Death, But barely not forbad it.

Qu. Hard hearted Man, I yield my guilty caufe, But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love. Had I for Jealoufie of Empire fought Good Sancho's Death, Sancho had dy'd before. 'Twas alwaies in my Power to take his Life : But Interest never could my Conficience blind 'Till Love had cast a mist before my Eyes; And made me think his Death the onely means Which could fecure my Throne to Torrismond.

Tor. Never was fatal Mifchief meant fo kind, For all fhe gave, has taken all away.

Malicious

Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be reftor'd? 'Tis to be worfe depos'd than Sancho was.

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Raym. Heaven has reftor'd you, you depose your felf: Oh! when young Kings begin with scorn of Justice, They make an Omen to their after Reign, And blot their Annals in the foremost page.

Tor. No more; left you be made the first Example, To show how I can punish.

Raym. Once again : Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice, And after make me her's.

Tor. Condemn a Wife ! That were to attone for Parricide with Murther !

Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content With that poor fcanty Juffice: Let her part.

Tor. Divorce ! that's worfe than Death, 'tis Death of Love. Queen, 'The Soul and Body part not with fuch Pain As I from you: but yet'tis juft, my Lord: I am th' Accurft of Heaven, the Hate of Earth, Your Subjects Deteftation, and your Ruin: And therefore fix this doom upon my felf.

Tor. Heav'n! Can you wish it ? to be mine no more!

Queen, Yes, I can with it as the deareft Proof And laft that I can make you of my Love. To leave you bleft I would be more accurft Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes, And the kind Grave fluts up the mournfull Scene : But I would live without you; to be wretched long: And hoard up every moment of my life, To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears, Till ev'n fierce *Raymond*, at the laft, fhall fay, Now let her dye, for fhe has griev'd enough. *Tor.* Hear this, hear this thou Tribune of the People:

Thou zealous, publick Bloud hound hear, and melt.

Raym. (Afide.) I could cry now, my Eyes grow womanish, But yet my Heart holds out,

Queen, Some folitary Cloifter will I chufe, And there with holy Virgins live immur'd: Courfe my Attire, and fhort fhall be my Sleep, Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell:

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Now, Raymond, now be fatisfied at laft. Fafting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer Shall doe dead Sancho Juffice every hour. Raym. (Afide.) By your leave, Manhood! [Wipes his Eyes. Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquish'd. Raym. No! 'Tis a falt rheum that fealds my Eyes. Qu. If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd, I'll leave you in the height of all my Love, Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its way, And struggles to you most. Farwell, a last Farwell! My dear, dear Lord Remember me; speak, Raymond, will you let him? Shall he remember Leonora's Love, And fhed a parting Tear to her. Misfortunes? Raym. (Almost crying.) Yes, yes, he shall, pray goe. Tor. Now, By my Soul, the thall not goe: why, Raymond, Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life; Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent, Let us not think what future Ills may fall, But drink deep Draughts of Love, and lose 'em all. [Exit Tor. with the Queen. Raym. No matter yet, he has my Hook within him, Now let him frisk and flownce and run and rowle, And think to break his hold. He toils in vain : This Love, the Bait he gorg'd fo greedily,

Will make him fick, and then I have him fure.

Enter Alphonfo, and Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from Bertran; he defires. Admittance to the King, and cryes aloud, This day fhall end our Fears of Civil War: For his fafe Conduct he entreats your Prefence, And begs you would be fpeedy. Raym. Though I loath The Traitor's fight, I'll go: Attend us here. [Exit Ray.]

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, with Officers, to make the Stage as full as possible.

Pedro. Why, how now Gomez: what mak'ft there is with a whole Brother-hood of City Bailifs? why, thead to be a set of the set of the

L 3

in Paradife, with his guard of Beafts about him.

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Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Don Pedro: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Prieft, that's Eve and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of Church men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable Belfwagger: my Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-buckets, and call'd for Engines to play against it.

Alph. I am forry you are come hither to accufe your Wife, her Education has been vertuous, her Nature mild and eafie.

Gom. Yes! fhe's eafie with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her fo.

Alph. She came a fpotlefs Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And the's a fpotlefs Virgin still for me—fhe's never the worfe for my wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threefcore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am—

Elvi. Indeed, Sir, I have no reafon to complain of him for diffurbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your felf; the Church did not marry you for that.

Pedro, Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why, Noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me fpeak first. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit where you preach by hours. Dom. And you edifie by minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrins for the People, and Uses and Applications for your felves.

Pedro, Gomez, give way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black thall take me if I do! I will fpeak firft! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your Verbum Sacerdotis, I'll fpeak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you use to doe. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he thall lye and forfwear himself with any Fryar in all Spain: that's a bold word now—

Dom. Let him alone: let him alone: I shall fetch him back with a Circum bendibus I warrant him.

Alph. Well, What have you to fay againft your Wife, Gomez ? Gom. Why, I fay, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgement; that a Batch-

elour-

clour-cobler is a happier man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all vifited with a Houshold Plague, and, *Lord have mercy upon us* should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage which is one of the feven bleffed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the feven deadly Sins: but make your beft on't, I care not: 'tis but binding a man Neck and Heels for all that! But as for my Wife, that *Crocodile* of *Nilus*, fhe has wickedly and traiteroufly confpir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and, with the help of the aforefaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and, with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold maker of this City, devilifhly contriv'd to fteal herfelf away, and under her Arm felonioufly to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Piftols. Guilty, or Not guilty; how faieft thou Culprit?

Dom. Falfe and fcandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath pointblank against every particular of this Charge. *Elvi*. And fo will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my felf, according to my ufual cuftom, I heard a foul Out-cry before Gomez his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making dolefull Lamentations: Thereupon, making what hafte my Limbs would fuffer me, that are crippl'd with often kneeling, I faw him Spurning and Fifting her moft unmercifully; whereupon, ufing Chriftian Arguments with him to defift, he fell violently upon me, without refpect to my Sacerdotal Orders, pufit me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, juft as a Man would fet up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And ftill continued Labouring me, till a good minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven fhall fave me, I had never feen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and, O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never feen him. Well, this Noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be fure—whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being flrong in him, and gave him Baftinado on Baftinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor, meek Colonel, being proftrate, fuffered with a most Christian Patience.

.Gom. Who? he meek? I'm fure I quake at the very thought of

him,

him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made Affault and Battery upon my Perfon, beat me into all the colours of the Rainbow. And every word this abominable Prieft has utter'd is as falfe as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a thorough pac'd Lyar that will fwear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, who comes behind the Company, and stands at his Father's back unseen, over against Gomez.

Lor. (Afide.) How now! What's here to doe? my Caufe a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourfcore take him for an old bawdy Magistrate, that stands like the Picture of Madam Justice, with a pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this Colonel Hernando? Gom. He's the First-begotten of Beelzebub, with a Face as terrible as Demogorgon.

> {Lorenzo peeps up over Alph. kead, and stares at Gomez.

No! I lye, I lye:

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He's a very proper, handfom fellow! well proportion'd, and clean shap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward Gomez? doft thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Defign upon your Wife ? for, if that be prov'd, you shall have Justice.

Gom. (Afide.) Now I dare fpeak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I fay, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a leud Defign upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honefty.

[Lor. lifts up his Fift clench'd at him. I confess my Wife was as willing—as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modest person.

Elvi. You fee, Sir, he contradicts himfelf at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly man! and fay what thou wilt stand by : did he strike thee?

Gom. I will fpeak boldly: He ftruck me on the Face before my own threshold, that the very walls cry'd shame on him.

[Lor. bolds up again.

Tis

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dom. Now the Truth comes out in fpight of him.

Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I fee no wrong that has been offer'd him. Gom. How? no wrong? why, he ravish'd me with the help of two Souldiers, carried me away vi & armis, and would have put me into a Plot against the Government. [Lor. holds up again.

I confefs, I never could endure the Government, becaufe it was Tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are Black and Blew, as I can ftrip, and fhew the Marks of 'em. [Lor. again.

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yesterday upon the Pebbles. [All laugh.

Dom. Fresh Straw, and a dark Chamber : a most manifest Judgment, there never comes better of railing against the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me fay? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's end this half hour, and I have not power to bring it out for fear of this bloudy minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my Wife's Colonel that appears there to me like my malus genius, and terrifies me.

Alph. (Turning.) Now you are mad indeed, Gomez; this is my Son Lorenzo.

Gom. How! your Son Lorenzo! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your Wife Elvira is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a Sifter?

Gom. No, you have taken fome about me : I am fure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can fhew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to Lor. You know I put your Sifter into a Nunnery, with a ftrict Command, not to fee you, for fear you fhould have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention; and confequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elvi. You see, Brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I loft ! Now, Pox upon me, for being fo near akin to thee.

Elvi. However, we are both beholding to Fryar Dominic, the Church is an indulgent Mother, the never fails to doe her part. Dom. Heaven ! what will become of me ?

Gom. Why ;

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; those fat Gutswere never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred Piftols, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of Confcience, that I may not be accessary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alphon. I have no fecular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I shall do't by Proxy, Fryar, your Bishop's my Friend, and is too honess to let such as you infect a Cloister.

Gom. Ay, doe Father-in-law, let him be stript of his Habit, and dif order'd — I would fain fee him walk in Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Fur upon his Back, that the World may once behold the infide of a Fryar.

Dom. Farwell, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Bleffing before I go _____

May your Sifters, Wives, and Daughters, be fo naturally lewd, that they may have no occasion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to pimp for 'em. [Exit, with a Rabble pushing bim.

Enter Torrismond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Terefa, Ec.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives! Let every one partake the general Joy. Some Angel with a golden Trumpet found, King Sancho lives! and let the echoing skies From Pole to Pole refound, King Sancho lives. O Bertran, ô! no more my Foe, but, Brother: One act like this blots out a thousand Crimes.

Bertr. Bad men, when 'tis their Intereft, may doe good: I muft confefs, I counfel'd Sancho's Murther; And urg'd the Queen by fpecious Arguments: But ftill, fufpecting that her Love was chang'd, I fpread abroad the Rumour of his Death, To found the very Soul of her Defigns: Th' Event you know was anfwering to my Fears: She threw the Odium of the Fact on me, And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to fave the Innocent. Bert. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveness. Tor. Not onely that, but Farour: Sancho's Life,

Whether

Whether by Vertue or Defign preferv'd, Claims all within my power.

Queen, My Prayers are heard; And I have nothing farther to defire, But Sancho's leave to authorize our Marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him ! Pity and he are one; So mercifull a King did never live; Loth to revenge, and eafie to forgive: But let the bold Confpirator beware, For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care.

[Excunt omnes.

FINIS.

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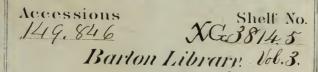
THere's none I'am sure, who is a Friend to Love, But will our Fryar's Character approve : The ableft Spark among you sometimes needs Such pious help for charitable Deeds. Our Church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want These Ghostly Comforts for the falling Saint : This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be One Reason of the Growth of Popery. So Mahomet's Religion came in fashion, By the large leave it gave to Fornication. Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well, There is no Dives in the Roman Hell. Gold opens the strait gate, and lets him in; But want of money is a mortal sin. For all besides you may discount to Heaven, And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even. How are men cozen'd still with shows of good ! The Baud's best Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood. Though Vice no more a Clergy-man displeases, Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diseases: 'Tis by your living ill that they live well, By your Debauches their fat Paunches swell. 'Tis a mock-war between the Priest and Devil, When they think fit, they can be very civil. As some who did French Counsels most advance, To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France. Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl, That with more ease they may engross them all. By damning yours, they do their own maintain. A Church-man's godliness is alwaies gain. Hence to their Prince they will superiour be; And civil Treason grows Church-Loyalty: They boast the gift of Heaven is in their power; Well may they give the God they can devour. Still to the fick and dead their claims they lay;" For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey. Nor have they less Dominion on our Life, They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife. Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern climes, And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes. Unman the Fryar, And leave the holy Drone To hum in his for faken Hive alone; He'll work no Honey when his sting is gone. Your Wives and Daughters foon will leave the Cells, When they have lost the found of Aaron's Bells.





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Thomas Pennant Buston.

Buston Huhlie Library. Received, May, 1873.

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